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HOW TO BE HAPPY IN FRANCE

(SEASIDE RESORTS)

BY

G. H. BOSWORTH

WITH 2 MAPS AND 18 ILLUSTRATIONS



LONDON :: ARROWSMITH :: W.C.1.

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(SEASIDE RESORTS)

Introduction

(Mainly for those contemplating a first visit to the seaside in France.)

WHEN Mrs. Smythe-Browne asks you where you intend to spend your summer holidays, and you reply "We thought of dropping down to Clacton or Eastbourne for a couple of weeks," it is impossible for her to hide the rather condescending triumph in her voice when she says: "*We* are going to Je-ne-sais-quoi-ville-sur-Mer, a little place in Picardy, you know." And though, so far as you are aware, Je-ne-sais-quoi-ville may be infinitely inferior to Clacton, and may consist only of a few chalets on a God-forsaken beach miles away from any amusements, nevertheless you cannot avoid the feeling that your taste in seaside resorts is inferior. You are almost determined that next year you will remove all traces of inferiority complex by going to the Continent yourself. But there is always the possibility lurking in your mind that there may be some snag. The glowing posters issued by enterprising railway and steamship

Sea are, after all, mere advertising matter, issued by interested parties. Mrs. Smythe-Browne's tastes are not, thank goodness, your tastes. Her tales of unbelievably good accommodation and cooking, for a mere trifle, may be travellers' tales, and you want to know definitely what you are to expect when you get across the Channel.

This book proposes to tell you.

It will shun like the plague the matter in the type of handbook which, after relating the history of a province or country from prehistoric, through Roman, down to mediæval times, proceeds to point out all the ruined abbeys and churches within a hundred miles of the selected resort, to discourse on the joy to be experienced from visiting ancient graveyards, and the peculiar beauty of the west window in the nearest cathedral or the flying buttresses of the nearest castle. It would not, for example, if it had to deal with Southend say: "Within an hour's journey lies the great city of London, the capital of the British Empire, population over 7,000,000," etc., etc., and include a full description of all the places of interest from the Tower and the Houses of Parliament to Caledonian Market, winding up with a list of the principal omnibus routes and the names and prices of the suburban cinemas.

Places of interest in the immediate vicinity of the coast resorts will, of course, be described, but,

in general, the aim will be to deal definitely with the "seaside holiday" aspect of the various places.

What things do you really want to know about a seaside watering-place? Surely the following: What sort of bathing is there? Are the tennis and golf good? Are there decent hotels and pensions? Is the place expensive? What sort of clothes should one take? Etc., etc.

General Considerations.

First, are there sufficient real advantages to warrant the trouble of obtaining passports, the extra travel and the additional fare? Secondly, what are the disadvantages? Thirdly, if I decide to go, which place shall I select?

The difference in climate between the most frequented of the French resorts and Southern English ones is inconsiderable. The north coast of France, except in so far as it faces north instead of south, enjoys the same variable weather as the English south coast. In Brittany, especially the southern parts, it is somewhat warmer and more settled than anywhere in England, but very little more. There is not enough difference to affect your decision.

But, more important than any difference in climate, is the difference in atmosphere. Even in the places most overrun with English visitors it is impossible to escape from the knowledge that you

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are in a foreign land. If the tradesmen and hotel keepers speak English they speak it with so curious an accent that they might just as well be speaking French ; their dress and style of living, the architecture of the towns, the policemen, the queer tramways and omnibuses and the strange railway stations are all new and surprising. There is a sense of adventure even in the crossing of the narrow English Channel for the first time. After all, when Columbus set out for America he was only going a sea voyage to a country unknown to him. That is what you are doing ; and the fact that thousands have done it before does not detract from its novelty any more than the sensation of having a tooth drawn is mitigated by the knowledge that millions have been drawn before.

Probably this sense of strangeness and adventure, at all events on the first trip to France, makes any holiday, however dull in other respects, worth while. Added to this, there is the eternal satisfaction of having done something which everybody else has not yet done, and the glowing sense of superiority over the poor mortals who have derived their sunburn from Blackpool or Torquay air while yours is genuine French production.

The first thing you will notice at a French seaside resort, if you have been used to English ones, is the absence of a pier, a bandstand and a platform for a concert party. If you take pleasure in that

safe variety of sea travel, walking up and down a pier, or in lounging in a deck chair while a military band blares out the latest musical comedy selection or the inevitable extracts from a Gilbert and Sullivan opera, you will be disappointed in France. If a band plays anywhere it will be in the town hall square on a Sunday night, and will be a local band mainly of French horns, and, unless you have been acclimatised to its music, you will not find it very entrancing.

Again, the concert party is unknown. The half-dozen men and girls in pierrot costumes who sing sentimental songs, imitate well-known comedians, "take off" the parish hall type of entertainment (frequently a case of Satan rebuking sin) and pass round the collection box, are native English plants, and would not bear transportation to foreign climes.

These also must be resigned by the traveller to France.

There is at most English seaside resorts a recognised promenade where young people make acquaintance with each other. However desirable or undesirable this may be, the fact remains that people going away for a holiday "on their own" frequently find it useful.

No such thing exists in France. If you don't meet people at your own hotel you won't meet them anywhere. Many gay young men going for

the first time to Paris with their brains reeling with the thought of the chic, fast, young French girls so beloved by novelists and cinema producers, are disagreeably surprised to find that the only girls they can "pick up" are girls they don't want to pick up, and who are extremely expensive luxuries if they are handled. The same applies to the French seaside resorts. The unmarried girl still has considerably less freedom than that enjoyed by the English girl of the same class, and scraping acquaintance with them is virtually impossible. On the whole, the French seaside resorts should be visited by self-contained parties rather than by individual units. Most of the English visitors go in such a manner, and it would often be found difficult for an odd man or girl to get into a four at tennis or get a partner for a dance.

One advantage which every French seaside place of any size enjoys is the casino.

This is the very hub and centre of the little universe. It is often the only place of amusement, and is the recognised visiting-place of the whole community in the evening. If you have friends staying at other hotels, there is no need to fix a rendezvous after dinner. You know where they will be and they know where to find you. If you wish to dance that is where you will do it. If you wish to gamble, whether at high or low stakes, the opportunity is there. Generally there is a picture

palace attached or a small theatre and opera house. The township clusters round the casino like chickens round the mother hen.

These are the main differences in the superficial amenities of English and French resorts, and it will now be as well to suppose that the journey has been decided upon and to give information on various points seriatim.

THE JOURNEY.—Be sure that your passport is in order before setting out. No amount of arguing will prevail upon the meticulous French authorities should they decide to make a thorough investigation of it and find a little fault. A bureaucracy which insists, as the French one does when issuing a *carte de séjour*, on knowing the maiden name of your grandmother, is hardly likely to consider the merest triviality in your record as of no account. In case you neglect this precaution and are detained at the landing stage, get into touch with the British Consul as soon as possible, and he will help you out of your difficulties.

Get your tickets from an agency such as that of Messrs. Cook & Son ; they save you a great deal of trouble. It is advisable to book seats on the boat train. Travel first class on the steamer, especially if you are a bad sailor. The difference in fare is very slight, and you can pay it on board. If you are travelling any distance by train in France take second class tickets. The third class on the

Continent is considerably less comfortable than the third class on the Great Eastern suburban lines from Liverpool Street. This is the truth, impossible as it may sound. The second class carriages, however, are very good—considerably better than the best type of third class carriage in England—and the old days when it was necessary to travel “first” in France are gone.

LUGGAGE.—Year after year the railway companies make frantic appeals to passengers to restrict their hand luggage to the smallest possible compass, and year after year the passengers persist in struggling through the Customs and down the gangways to the boat laden with two or three suit-cases, waterproofs, walking-sticks, umbrellas and cameras. They are an unmitigated nuisance to their fellow-travellers. In the crush through the Customs the hard corners of their dangling portmanteaux dig you savagely on the shins or catch you a disabling blow behind the knee-cap. In their struggles to produce their passports from inside pockets they drop a heavy Gladstone bag on your toes and nearly poke your eye out with the umbrella waving uncertainly under their armpits. They get themselves into impossible complications on the gangway, which frequently slopes steeply, and occasionally drop one or two of their various packages overboard, to the great delight of their unencumbered fellow-travellers. And what do

they gain ? If they manage without porters at the English side, no man on earth, however strong willed, can resist the importunities of the myriad French porters who will assail him at the port of disembarkation, and he will find that it has cost him more than the registration fee before he has finished.

The best way is to pack all, except your sleeping and toilet articles and possibly odd things such as tennis rackets and golf clubs, in a good solid trunk with efficient locks and register it at Victoria to the station nearest to your destination. Even if you are going a very short journey from Boulogne—say, for example, to Wimereux—it will pay you to book through to that station, instead of claiming your luggage at Boulogne and hiring a cab.

Insurance of baggage is cheap, and although very little indeed is lost or damaged in the course of a year, people with worrying dispositions will probably find it worth while to purchase their peace of mind and a policy simultaneously.

Some years ago, when the franc was liable to a slump suddenly in value, it was a paying proposition to book the train journey in France separately after arrival ; but now that stabilisation has practically been reached there is no gain in so doing, and the advice of the “ knowing ones ” to the contrary should be disregarded.

MONEY.—There are many ways of dealing with

the problem of carrying sufficient money in a foreign country. The very worst way is the one most frequently adopted by the English traveller ; that is, to change the amount he estimates he will need into francs at an English bank or exchange office and carry it about on his person. In this way he usually gets a bad rate of exchange—francs are naturally more plentiful in France than in England, and the banks over there give generous rates—and risks losing his entire capital every time he is in a crowd, and every time he undresses for sea bathing.

Travellers' cheques issued by Cook's are a good and convenient method of carrying money, but the best of all is the world letter of credit issued by several of the big banks.

This can be obtained, without additional stamp duty, for an amount well in excess of the sum likely to be required. It consists of a form giving details of the amount of the credit and a space for the recording of withdrawals and a separate booklet containing a specimen signature of the bearer and the names of agencies in all parts of the world which will honour his letter of credit. As no withdrawal can be made without the production of both documents, the traveller who takes the precaution of keeping them in separate places—say one in a locked trunk and the other on his person—can rest assured that, even though one be lost, his money

is quite secure. He can change any amount from £1 upwards at any time he desires, and can thus not only avoid the risk of carrying large sums in currency, but also avail himself of any variation in the rate of exchange which may take place during his holiday.

If you have definitely decided to stay at one particular spot for the whole of your holiday, and one of the big French banks with an agency in London has a branch there, a deposit can be made in London and the sum drawn against, like an ordinary bank balance, when you arrive. The best banks transacting this form of business are as follows :—

Société Générale, 65 Regent Street, W.1.

Crédit Lyonnais, 25 Charles Street, S.W.1.

When changing large notes in France do not neglect to count the change carefully. Mistakes will happen, and by some mysterious dispensation of providence the mistakes are rarely in your favour. This precaution is particularly necessary in restaurants, where waiters are chosen (as, indeed, they appear to be all the world over) for the following qualities : deafness, when you are calling them ; blindness, when you are trying to catch their eye ; leisureliness when you are in a hurry ; a total incapacity to conceive of the possibility of your partaking of any but the most expensive dishes

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on the menu ; a mathematical twist which prevents them from adding up correctly, but nevertheless induces them to add up the date with the francs and centimes ; and a congenital tendency to give the wrong change.

It is unsafe to leave money lying about in your bedroom in any hotel in the world, but perhaps rather more unsafe in France than in England. A special warning is necessary with regard to bath time. It is a favourite trick, which I have encountered several times on the Continent, for a chambermaid who prepares the bath and calls you when it is ready to enter the bedroom while you are safely in the bath, go through your wallet, extract a 100-franc note, and restore the wallet to its original position. It is very difficult for you to prove exactly how much money you had in the wallet, and possibly, if you have a good deal of smaller change, you don't miss it for a whole day. It is safest when leaving your clothing behind to take out valuables, lock them in a suit-case and carry the keys in your dressing-gown.

Most of the larger resorts where bathing cabins are provided on the beach have a small office where valuables can be stored during your dip. If you happen to be carrying much money it is worth paying a franc for the little box which will take your wallet, watch, rings, etc., in safety.

CUSTOMS.—The Customs examination going into

France is not particularly rigorous. Unless you are carrying a good deal of *new* manufactured articles the only things about which you will be questioned will be tobacco, cigarettes, cigars and matches. The officials rarely concern themselves with such quantities as can be carried on the person, but if you have boxes of 50 or so cigarettes it is best to have them opened and not quite full. Playing cards must not be imported, but I have never yet heard anyone asked about these by the officials. Do not forget that, generally speaking, registered luggage is examined at the port of entry in the same way as hand luggage. This applies to every resort described in the following pages. If you go on to your destination without getting your registered luggage through the Customs you will probably have to wait till the end of your holiday before you see it again.

The Customs examination on returning to England has, since the inception of the silk tax, been more rigorous.

The following articles are dutiable: tobacco, wine, spirits, perfume, silk and artificial silk goods, binoculars, cameras and watches.

Tobacco, no one in his senses is likely to take from France to England. A half-bottle of spirits—opened—and a small quantity of perfume or liqueur (not both) can be passed free provided that they are declared and are in your hand luggage.

Nothing of this sort is allowed free in registered baggage.

Silk and silk goods taken over and brought back are passed free ; but ladies who are in the habit of carrying about a very large quantity of silk goods are advised to fill up a form, obtainable from the Customs before leaving England, indicating what they are taking out. This will avoid all squabbles on return.

There is a mistaken idea that silk goods purchased abroad can be imported *ad lib.* if they have been worn ; this is not the case.

Cameras and glasses, watches and clocks are only taxed if they are not bought for personal use. If you intend to take abroad valuable cameras or glasses which have been *manufactured abroad* it is safer to fill in a declaration concerning them before quitting England, because it may be difficult to persuade the Customs officials, who hardly have the confiding nature of babes, that they were not purchased abroad for sale in England.

HOTELS.—The hotel in which you stay can make or mar your holiday. So be very careful about the choice of it. It is impossible in a volume of this description to give definite descriptions of hotels at all the known resorts or even to make specific recommendations. Changes of proprietorship or in the policy of the hotel can alter its character so fundamentally that all such recommendations are

hardly to be trusted from one season to another. A change of chef may convert the hotel with the reputation for the best cooking to that with the unenviable reputation for the worst.

Sudden ambition on the part of a proprietor may make similar pronounced changes. I remember the case of an hotel at Le Touquet which I confidently recommended to friends who particularly desired a quiet holiday with restful nights. At my instigation they booked rooms on the west side facing a tiny *cul de sac* in which there was practically no traffic. They went—and have been sworn enemies of mine ever since. It appears that the owner, seeing money in the dancing craze, had converted the ground floor of the west wing into a dance hall. The band played continuously until 3 a.m., and over the window of the bedrooms, which had been previously so peaceful, a glaring electric sign flashed in and out until closing time; and underneath the jazz band hooted and groaned. Thereafter any recommendations given by me are E. & O.E. and weather and circumstances permitting!

If you can afford a de luxe hotel you will find it very much the same as de luxe hotels all over the world. The really first-class establishment is now so stereotyped by the managements, which have based their ideas on Switzerland and America, that it is difficult when within its portals to say in what country one is residing. If you are prepared to pay

from £2 10s. to £3 10s. a day in the high season your choice will not be difficult.

The first-class hotels in France differ, however, in some particulars from those at seaside places in England. Very little attempt is made to provide for anything other than eating and sleeping. The lounge accommodation is often exceedingly limited considering the number of bedrooms, and it is unusual for any amusements, games, etc., to be provided by the hotel. Hot and cold water is almost invariably laid on in all the bedrooms, and the sanitation and bathroom accommodation are excellent. But there is nothing in French resorts which corresponds to the hydro type of hotel in England—that is, where amusements are organised by the management and where the hotel has its own sports grounds. A French hotel, other than one of the de luxe class, which had its own tennis courts, billiard room, card room, etc., etc., would be a very rare bird indeed. I do not know of one in the whole length of the coast.

The hotels of this class are round about 25s. a day in all but the very small and out-of-the-way places, and can be fairly well relied upon in the matters of cooking, cleanliness and good management. They are better value, generally speaking, than similarly priced hotels at home. In the lists given at the end of the chapters on the various places described these figure as first class.

MODERATE-PRICED HOTELS.—It is the moderate-priced hotel, the origin of all the wonderful stories of cheap living on the Continent, which will probably chiefly interest readers. It should be remembered that in France the name *Hotel* is applied to a great number of establishments which in England would be called public-houses or boarding-houses. So that it is quite possible that the hotel which calls itself the "Grand Hotel de l'Universe et de Portugal" or the "Grand Hotel des Iles Britannique et des Bains" would in England be known as "The Frog and Faceache" or "The Jay and Jellyfish." Visitors should also be wary of attaching too much significance to the adjectives of the French hotel keeper. "Magnifique" is applied to most buildings which are bigger than an ordinary house, and a "large shady garden" in one prospectus known to the author turned out to be a paved courtyard at the back of the hotel where, under one small tree, the kitchen staff peeled the potatoes and made other preparations for meals.

This type of hotel does not waste money on lounges. The dining-room may be supplemented by a small writing-room, but even this is not always the case. Nor do the owners believe in squandering their gains on carpets. The stairways are either plain, unvarnished wood or at the best are covered with cheap linoleum. The corridors are equally bare. The bedroom floors are also uncovered except for a small mat beside the bed. Anyone who is easily

kept from sleep by noises will do well to select a room at the extreme end of the corridor on the top floor, otherwise he will have to wait each night until that blessed hour when everyone has ceased to patrol the corridors and the people above him have settled down. And, as the average Frenchman seems to be able to manage with little or no sleep, he may have to wait a very long time.

The bedrooms are very sparsely furnished, but in nearly all cases—and this is a point in which the French have the English knocked silly—the beds are wonderfully comfortable. The plateau, apparently composed of a mixture of concrete and rock crystal, which answers for a mattress in many English houses (with a framed text announcing that “The way of transgressors is hard” on the wall above it) is utterly unknown in France, as is also the spring mattress which sags in the middle and curls your backbone up like a fried whiting’s.

A thick box-spring mattress and a hair mattress over it is the rule in France, and there are no better beds in the world.

By the way, soap is never provided in the bedrooms. Take your own.

At this class of hotel the bathroom accommodation is nearly always inadequate. At one hotel in which I stayed at a popular resort near Boulogne there were two baths for over one hundred people, and these were both in the same room! So unless

you wished to bath in front of another visitor the number of baths was reduced in practice to one. The baths had, for some mysterious reason, been placed on a dais (probably they were worshipped as a kind of fetish !) and a wobbly stool was provided in place of a ladder to enable one to climb up the sides. If the stool did not slip and precipitate you headlong into the bath when you were mounting, it invariably did so when you were getting out with wet, slippery feet. It should, however, be placed on record, to the eternal credit of the ninety-and-nine other visitors, that, during the course of a fortnight's stay, I experienced no difficulty in getting the use of the bathroom at a fixed hour in the morning !

The food at this class of hotel varies enormously. It is at times incomparably better than any which can be obtained at an English hotel at the same price ; on the average considerably better ; but at times very bad. And, unfortunately, nothing but recent personal experience can help you to avoid the bad.

The menus are always more varied than those in England.

The small breakfast of coffee and rolls is universal. The lunch never consists of cold meat from last night's dinner. There is generally soup, fish, a made dish, cheese and dessert. Sweets, in the sense of puddings and pies and fruit tarts, are practically never served. A cream caramel, a tea-shop pastry or a baked apple may, however, figure on the menu.

If any person be addicted to a plain and wholesome "roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, two vegetables, followed by apple dumpling and custard" sort of diet he had better stop in England.

Tea is never included in the hotel price.

Dinner is a slightly more elaborate version of lunch. Veal, chicken and pork are the staple dishes. The daily slaughter of chickens in France must reach a six-figure total. Don't eat French beef if you can avoid it. Except at a few special establishments it is oily, leathery and tasteless. Water in France is rarely drinkable. Don't touch it unless it has been filtered. The very best filters, as a great philosopher once pointed out, are malt and the grape. If you are a teetotaler, however, the best thing is to drink Vichy, Perrier or some other table water. The aerated lemonade is often excellent.

One should be careful not to be carried away by the apparent cheapness of the terms offered. Extras have a way of increasing the bill in a rather startling fashion. There is the 10 per cent. tax for service (which is added to everything—drinks, laundry, baths, etc., etc.), the *taxe de séjour*—usually about 2 frs. per diem, the *taxe de luxe*—13 per cent., applicable only in the best class of establishment—the State tax of 4 per cent., together with extra charges for baths and the kind of drinks—table water, etc.—which one would not normally need in England. A friend of mine sent me last summer

from a seaside town in Normandy the following account of his expenditure, which need not be taken *au pied de la lettre*, but nevertheless indicates the tendency of bills to swell greatly beyond the original estimate.

"Our quoted terms," he writes, "were 60 frs. per day, and the first week's bill was as follows :—

<i>Monday.</i>				<i>Frs. cms.</i>	<i>Frs. cms.</i>
Agreement	60	00
Bath	4	50
Minerals	5	50
Coffee (lunch)	3	00
„ (dinner)	3	00
Cognac	3	50
Graves Supérieure	15	00
Afternoon tea	6	00
Notepaper and envelopes	3	50
				<hr/>	
				104	00
<i>Tuesday.</i>				104	00
Items very similar	93	50
<i>Wednesday.</i>					
Ditto	98	00
<i>Thursday.</i>					
Including 35.50 for laundry	132	50
<i>Friday.</i>					
As Wednesday	96	50
				<hr/>	
Carried forward				..	524 50

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	<i>Frs.</i>	<i>cms.</i>	<i>Frs.</i>	<i>cms.</i>
Brought forward			524	50
<i>Saturday.</i>				
Extra good bottle of wine, as I had won a couple of francs or so at the casino	120	50	120	50
			<hr/>	
			645	00
Service 10 per cent. ..			64	50
State tax 4 per cent. ..			26	00
<i>Taxe de séjour</i> , 2 frs. per day			14	00
<i>Timbre</i> (the payer in France pays for the receipt stamp!) ..				50
			<hr/>	
			Frs.	750 00
			<hr/>	

One lesson to be learned from this is to pay, if possible, separately for such things as the casual drinks at the bar, laundry, etc., otherwise they are lumped in with the whole and the 10 per cent. and 4 per cent. added. It may be asked, after this, whether in fact there is any financial gain in going abroad for a holiday. On the whole, and provided that extras are carefully watched, the hotels are definitely better value for money than those in English resorts. The average small French hotel, where the total weekly bill is about three pounds sterling, offers considerably better value in food and comfort than the English boarding-house at three-and-a-half to four-and-a-half guineas.

CHOOSING AN HOTEL.

DE LUXE AND FIRST-CLASS HOTELS.—Choosing an expensive hotel is easy ; choosing a cheap one is difficult. If you are prepared to pay de luxe rates, the problem is simplicity itself. There is generally, at the smaller places, only one de luxe hotel, and where, at the larger resorts, three or four exist, the differences are no more than those between, say, the Carlton and Ritz. If you like Piccadilly better than the Haymarket, you will choose the latter, but you should be reasonably comfortable in both. The same applies more or less to the hotels named as first class. They are all reliable and comfortable, and intending visitors should write to the managements for terms and brochures, and decide whether they prefer the one nearer the sea or the one nearer the golf links, or whether they are prepared to put up with the noise of a dance band for the convenience of dancing on the premises or prefer a quiet hotel and get their dancing at the casino.

Do not forget that every hotel proprietor and manager in France is prepared to haggle about the price of rooms. If the terms quoted do not suit you write and say so, and suggest what you are willing to pay. When I say that at one hotel in Cannes the price quoted for a room alone was subsequently stretched to include full board as

well, some idea of the elasticity of quotations may be gathered.

It is to be regretted that even at first-class hotels in France the bookings of rooms are not honoured with the same punctiliousness as in England. Not only are special rooms with particular aspects not reserved, despite a previous agreement to keep them, but it is by no means unusual for a party to arrive and be told that nothing is known of their having booked rooms. This means that the manager has obtained a better offer for them and has let them over your head. He will generally offer markedly inferior accommodation in an annexe at the same price.

The only reasonably safe way to ensure one's rooms is to send a deposit of roughly 100 francs per person and ask for a definite receipt. If, when you arrive, armed with this receipt, any attempt is made to give you inferior accommodation, threaten legal proceedings. Such proceedings have been taken in several cases this year at the Riviera with complete success. A common tale of managers when particular rooms are not available is that the occupiers are too ill to vacate them. Make them prove this, as it is generally false.

SMALL OR MODERATE HOTELS.—Choosing a cheap hotel is about as great a lottery as choosing a wife—only, fortunately, if you make a mistake you have not to endure it for life. Anyone who has experience

of English boarding-houses knows the astonishing differences between establishments charging identical rates, and these differences exist in as marked a manner on the Continent.

If you are going to one of the nearer resorts—that is, any one of those within easy access of Boulogne or Dieppe—the only safe and reliable way is to go and spy out the land. All through the season cheap week-end tickets are issued and the following procedure is advised. Choose from the list of names at the foot of the chapter dealing with your chosen resort half a dozen which strike your fancy. Write for terms and particulars. Select three or four of the most likely, and *before the season is well started* (say, early in June), when there will be no difficulty in getting rooms practically anywhere, let one of the party take a week-end excursion. When he arrives he can have dinner at Hotel No. 1. If the cooking is good and the hotel looks clean and well kept and it is in a good situation let him book a room for one night only. On the Sunday he can sample a lunch at Hotel No. 2 and ask to look at rooms; a dinner at Hotel No. 3 and a casual look round in the meanwhile at No. 4 or 5. Let him sleep at the most promising, and on Monday morning make up his mind which is the best and book up, leaving a suitable deposit and getting a formal receipt.

More than the cost of the trip will be saved by a little polite bargaining with the manager, and the

comfort and security of having booked reasonably good rooms in a known situation, compared with taking pot-luck from the glowing accounts received on paper, is worth the extra trouble.

In cases where such a preliminary trip is impossible or where the distance of the resort—*e.g.* the farther removed places in Brittany—makes it too much of an undertaking for a week-end, the personal recommendation of friends who have been there *recently* is the best. In all such cases, when writing, ask if the same management is still in possession.

If neither of these courses is available, the only thing to do is what you would do in precisely similar circumstances in England, that is, choose from the details given on paper and trust to Providence. It is rather like buying a second-hand motor car on the strength of the owner's written description, but you must risk it.

If, when you arrive, the hotel is clearly impossible, do not hesitate to tell the proprietor what you think about it and clear out. You will forfeit your deposit, but it is better to do that than spoil your holiday.

The writer has found that "recommended hotels" of the various agencies are just as much a lottery as those secured by personal choice, and the 10 or 15 per cent. paid to the agency comes out of somebody's pockets, and you can bet your life it is not out of those of the hotel proprietor.

DRINKS.—There are not more than half a dozen places in France where it is reasonably safe to drink the ordinary tap water, and considerably more than half a dozen where it is almost as unsafe as drinking poison. Don't drink any of it.

The various natural mineral waters—Vichy, Evian “Cachat,” etc., are good and pure, but not to everybody's taste. Some have a definite medicinal action and cause “collywobbles” in weak insides. They mix pretty well, however, with the numerous syrups, such as grenadine, whose colours look so delightful on the bar. These syrups are too sweet for most English tastes, but they go quite well mixed fifty-fifty with French vermouth.

With regard to wines, do not expect anything good at phenomenally cheap prices. The import duty on light wines brought to England is only 9d. a bottle, and the price in a small French hotel is roughly the same as that in an English wine merchant's shop.

The *vin du pays*, which sentimental novelists drag into all their scenes in France, is practically undrinkable, unless you have been trained to it from early youth. The red and *rosé* varieties, however, form a good luncheon drink if taken with a double quantity of lemonade.

If you are not used to wine drinking, red wine will frequently give you acidity and white wine may upset your liver. So, if you experience any distressing symptoms after a few days in France, don't put

them down to the sourish bread or the change of air, but knock off your wines and stick to spirits or soft drinks.

Whisky is cheaper than in England owing to the difference of duty, and brandy is comparatively dirt cheap. When ordering the latter, however, be sure and specify some particular brand, as many so-called brandies are the rawest of raw spirits and require a throat and stomach of leather for easy consumption. The safest brands are Martell, Hennessy, Courvoisier Napoleon, Otard, Biscuit-Dubouché and Renault.

TOBACCO.—There are a few English people who can smoke and enjoy French tobacco. There is no accounting for tastes. Certain people also enjoy strawberry jam with kippers. To the average Englishman a mixture of used tea-leaves, straw and rank vegetable produce would be mild and soothing in comparison with the French "Caporal" or Maryland tobacco.

However, a great number of the shops now supply English and American brands, and wherever the sign "Tabac de luxe" is exhibited these can be obtained. They are considerably dearer than in England, and the cigarettes are usually smaller and, for some unknown reason, badly packed. So, without wishing to incite anyone to evade the French Customs regulations, if you *can* take over a decent supply so much the better. The nearest French approach

to an English cigarette is the brand called " Fashion," at ten for 4d.

The prices of " tabac " and cigarettes de luxe vary with the establishment in which they are bought, and the variations are sufficiently wide to make it worth while to avoid buying in restaurants or hotels. For a packet of " Gold Flake " which will cost 9d. at a small shop you will probably be asked 1s. 6d. at a fashionable restaurant.

Matches are cheap and good. The old days of the state-monopoly, sulphur, " stinker " match, which nearly asphyxiated one during its preliminary splutterings, are dead and gone.

BATHING.—On nearly the whole of the coast of France dealt with in this volume the bathing is only good at high tide. The exceptions to this rule are indicated in the various sections devoted to particular resorts. In the larger places cabins and bathing machines are provided and at the smaller spots beach tents are used. But in nearly every resort, if you are living anywhere near the beach, it is customary to bathe from the hotel, and a bath robe is an essential part of one's kit when going to France.

Generally there are " life-guards " provided by the township, whose duty it is to patrol the beach, to warn bathers who are going out too far or taking undue risks, and to save life if necessary. To the good swimmer these guards are apt to be a bit of a nuisance, as they blow their horns tumultuously when one is

only just out of one's depth. But it is best, all things considered, to heed their warnings, as it is not always a mere question of depth which excites their trumpeting, but the presence of dangerous currents.

And if you *do* get into danger and require saving . . . Well, perhaps I had better tell you of an actual incident observed two years ago at a resort not a hundred miles from Boulogne.

One morning, at high tide, just after the fashionable bathing hour, when most of the visitors were returning for lunch, a man was observed standing up to the neck in water, shouting out in some strange language (he turned out to be a Swede) apparently for help. As he was clearly standing on his feet and in no danger of drowning nobody became particularly excited or made any attempt at a rescue. We thought that this was merely his method of enjoying himself. It transpired subsequently that he was on a little ridge of sand, and whichever way he stepped, he became just out of his depth, and he could not swim.

As he kept on shouting one of the life-guards decided on action, and, throwing aside his trumpet and seizing instead a life-buoy, advanced into the sea towards the panic-stricken bather. When he had so far entered the water that it reached to his armpits (he was a small man) he took a deliberate aim, hurled the life-buoy with vigour and hit the Swede plump on the nose, knocking him backwards.

Thereafter, perhaps from apprehension as to the results of his crack shot, the rescuer promptly fainted and was in danger of drowning in four feet of water.

The other man had not reappeared on the surface after his knock-out blow. The situation was now serious, and various men on the beach rushed in to the rescue while the other life-guard pushed out a boat. Eventually they were both rescued, the Swede being brought round by artificial respiration.

It appeared on investigation that the life-guard could not swim a stroke !

At some resorts a black flag, pleasingly decorated with a skull and cross-bones, is flown from the life-guards' hut when the sea is considered to be too rough for bathing. At such times the guards go off duty and leave you with perfect freedom to drown comfortably by yourself, if you are fool enough not to heed their warning signal.

TENNIS.—Most of the larger places have tennis clubs at which daily, weekly or monthly subscriptions can be obtained. Many have professionals attached who will give you a game for a small fee. The courts are all hard—there is no grass play in France. The following resorts have tournaments in the season at approximately the times shown (they vary, however, from year to year) :

La Baule : End of August.

Boulogne : August.

Cabourg : First two weeks in August.

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Deauville : First week in July.

Dieppe : August Bank Holiday week-end.

Dinard : Third or fourth week in August.

Étretat : End of August.

Havre : Second week in August.

Houlgate : Third week in August.

Le Touquet : Handicaps each week. International tournaments August and September.

St. Briac : Immediately after the Dinard tournament.

St. Jean de Luz : End of August.

Trouville : Last week in July and last week in August.

Wimereux : August.

Owing to the distance which the tide goes out and the remarkably firm sand at many resorts, a good deal of tennis can be had on the beach, and a family party would find the carrying of a cheap net worth while.

GOLF.—Golf can be had at the following resorts. For details see under the various place-names in later chapters :

Biarritz.	Granville.
Boulogne (Wimereux).	Hardelot.
Cabourg.	La Baule.
Deauville and Trouville.	Le Touquet.
Dieppe.	Sables-d'Or-Les-Pins.
Dinard (St. Briac).	St. Jean de Luz.
Étretat,	Wimereux.

THE CASINO.—If you are staying at a place for more than a week it will generally pay you to take a season ticket for the casino. A few issue weekly and fortnightly ones, but generally a month is the shortest period. But even a monthly ticket is usually more advantageous than paying daily for, say, ten days. And you will almost certainly be a daily visitor. For even if you resist the temptation to gamble daily—which is highly improbable—there are always the theatre or cinema and dancing inside the casino.

At the more fashionable resorts evening dress is essential.

GAMING.—Baccara and Boule are played at all seaside casinos. Unless you are a millionaire or a confirmed gambler with a good knowledge of the game, baccara should be avoided. The game is difficult for a novice to follow, the stakes are usually high, and you have to pay a special subscription before you can enter the Salle de Baccara. Boule is the popular pastime, and some description of it may be profitable.

A hard rubber ball—usually rather smaller than a tennis ball—is thrown into a stationary wheel with sloping sides, cut out into small shallow cups, in one of which the ball will come to rest. The cups are numbered 1—9. Radiating from this wheel are green cloth-covered tables marked out as follows :—

a	1	x	2	b
		1 3 7 9		
	3		4	
		5		
	6		7	
		2 4 6 8		
	8	y	9	

Bets may be made before the ball is thrown and up to the time when the croupier calls "*Rien n'va plus.*" All stakes must be made in counters, which are purchased from a desk in the salons. The following may be backed. Any single number ; odds, seven to one (by placing the stake on the number). Odd numbers or even numbers (even money chances), by placing the stake at the points indicated by x and y . Columns of mixed numbers (1, 3, 6, 8 or 2, 4, 7, 9), by placing the stake at a or b . These are also even money chances. The maximum stakes vary from place to place, ranging usually from 100 frs. to 300 frs. on the even chances, with proportionately less on the seven to one chances.

The "five" belongs to the table, and when this number comes up all stakes, other than those actually on the five, go to the bank.

Keep your eye on your stakes when winnings are paid out. There is quite a crowd of people—chiefly women—who are ready to pounce on any winnings that are not claimed in an instant.

Is there any way of paying for one's holiday out of the banker's chest? I'm afraid not. It must be perfectly obvious to everyone that, with nine numbers and odds of only seven to one against a number, and evens about four out of nine, it is only a matter of time for the bank to be a certain winner. The only advantage that the punter has is that he can start and stop his game at any moment

he likes ; while the bank must go on for ever. It is best to play on some sort of system. Systems are usually decried, but there is one thing infinitely worse than having a system, that is having no system. Of course it is possible, if the luck is with you, to go in and throw down money on several winning numbers running. But it is exceedingly rare to see it done. In the course of many years' experience I have found the following small methods of backing reasonably good. If you don't win by them you don't have to pay much for your thrills.

SYSTEM I.—FOLLOWING THE TABLE—EVEN MONEY CHANCES.—If you keep a record of the numbers as they come up, marking odds and evens, you will find that they tend to go somewhat as follows :—

(1) Odd.	(11) Even.
(2) Even.	(12) Even.
(3) Odd.	(13) Even.
(4) Odd.	(14) Even.
(5) Odd.	(15) Even.
(6) Even.	(16) Odd.
(7) Even.	(17) Even.
(8) Odd.	(18) Odd.
(9) 5.	(19) Odd.
(10) Odd.	

It is rather rare to see a sequence of much more than six of any one kind, though bigger sequences are frequently encountered, and a sequence of a

thousand is theoretically possible. To back with the table means to place your stake on *whatever turned up last time*. Thus, if you begin to play at the point indicated above, your first bet will be the minimum stake (usually 1 fr.) on "odds" at (2). This will lose. You therefore go on to "evens" at (3), doubling your stake. This also loses. You double again on "odds" at (4), and this wins. You now revert to your *minimum stake* on "odds" at (5), which wins. Minimum again on "odds" at (6) which loses, and so on.

This system keeps you constantly in play and will produce winnings unless the table is intermitting very vigorously, in other words is giving O.E.O.E. O.E.O.E. The "five" should be reckoned as the reverse of what you are backing, whether odds or evens.

SYSTEM 2.—PLAYING AGAINST THE TABLE—EVEN CHANCES.—In this system it is not necessary to make so many bets. Keep a record of the even money chances, marking on your paper odds and evens and the two columns.

Odd.	a.	Even.	b.
Even.	b.	Even.	b.
Even.	a.	Even.	a.
Even.	b.	Even.	b.
Odd.	a.	Odd.	a.
Odd.	b.		

When a run of three or four on odds or evens or a column has occurred, put a minimum stake on the *opposite* and double up till it comes home.

SYSTEM 3. — ON NUMBERS — SEVEN TO ONE CHANCES.—Theoretically each number should turn up once in nine throws. In practice a number may easily fail to appear in thirty or forty throws. Keep a record of the numbers, and when one has been missing for a considerable time—say twenty-five throws—go on to it with the minimum stake for *six times*, then with double the minimum for three more times. And then stop, whatever happens. This requires patience, but it is quite a good method, and keeps you out of further mischief for hours on end.

On the whole I have found No. 2 the most profitable and have never lost more at it than constituted a reasonable payment for the hours' amusement it afforded, and have, in several seasons, carried away a few hundred francs at the end of the holiday.

If you *do* have a run of luck, don't stay too long at the tables. Get away with your winnings. The bank depends for its earnings not only on giving short odds—a certain advantage in the long run—but on the psychology of the average man. If you are winning you want to go on winning, and time has its inevitable revenge. If you are losing you want to go on until your luck changes, and again the table scores. For some unknown reason the sequences of numbers seem to go in patches. For a few hours

the table will intermit and then for some hours there will be longish runs. On some days the odd numbers greatly predominate, on others the evens. Don't keep on playing against an adverse table—it is a sure road to ruin. Play in short periods and cut your losses or get away with your winnings early.

DANCING.—There may be worse dancers and worse dance bands than the average ones encountered in France, but, if so, I have never found them. The usual French idea of dancing seems to be to hop about with the shortest of steps to the fastest of fast one-steps. Anything remotely resembling a slowish fox-trot is almost unknown. These harum-scarum one-steps alternate with French tangoes. The waltz is practically unknown, and, if it is ever played, it is taken at lightning speed. In the more expensive dance places in the ultra-fashionable resorts—Deauville, Biarritz, etc.—the bands are better, but the dancing is of the same pattern. It is quite in order for you to go up to a French girl who is sitting out and bow for a dance. This does not, however, constitute an introduction, and you don't know her afterwards. In general, if you enjoy dancing, you should confine your attention to the English and American visitors. The French are at least two years behind the rest of the world in their dance fashions. In the summer of 1927 the kick Charleston was just getting a hold and the Black Bottom was entirely unknown. I expect it will

reach there three or four years after its death in England.

Miscellaneous Hints,

CAMERAS.—You will, of course, take a camera with you and, apart from photographs of your beloved in his or her bathing costume, you may try to get pictures of the surrounding country. If you do, be sure that there is nothing which even remotely resembles a fortification in the vicinity. It does not matter if the object clearly dates from pre-Napoleonic days. The French have a peculiar kink in their craniums which makes them see in every innocent holiday maker with a camera a subtle and dangerous spy, and it is not worth risking a short incarceration in the local prison while your identity is established. Besides, you will find that you can invariably buy a picture postcard of the view, and a “close-up” of the fortress as well, in any of the shops in the nearest village !

TIPS.—Tipping in France is more universal and extends to a greater variety of classes than in England. It may not be true, as was once said, that the President is the only man in France who does not expect a tip, but it is very nearly true.

The hotel tipping problems are easily solved when ten per cent. is added to the bill. Except for very unusual services nothing more need be given. But, outside, the safest course to take when in doubt

is to tip. I have never seen a "pourboire" resented or returned.

Do not imagine that an amount which sounds adequate in francs is in fact adequate. The cost of living has gone up in France nearly as much as in England, and tips should be on the English scale.

Do not forget, when you go to the theatre or a cinema, that it is usual to tip the girl who shows you to your seat and that, when you bathe, the woman who conducts you to your tent or box expects a trifle.

The constant tipping is somewhat irritating, but you will find it less irritating to tip than not to tip, and your life will be made considerably smoother in all respects by willing service.

STAMPS AND POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS.—Stamps are sold at all tobacco shops, picture postcard shops and by the hall porter at your hotel. The last place in France to which one goes for stamps is the post office.

Registered letters must be collected personally at the post office and a slip notifying you of their arrival will be delivered by the postman. You must take your passport to convince the post office officials that you are the addressee.

Parcels go by train in France, and have to be collected from the railway station. But it is not advisable to have parcels sent on to you from England as they suffer such considerable delays in the Customs.

A parcel containing laundry addressed to a friend of mine at Dinard last year on August 15th reached its destination about the end of October (after he had left), and arrived back in England just after Christmas.

Small parcels, however, sent by registered post, go in the ordinary manner.

RACING.—There are race meetings at many of the principal resorts and most of them are very pleasant functions with an agreeable absence of the rough element which so often spoils small meetings in England.

Betting is by Pari-Mutuel, and instead of giving your money to a fat-faced man, who is bursting his lungs in an effort to out-shout his competitors, you simply purchase a ticket quietly at an office, and after the race draw your winnings, if any, in the same manner.

Most people after attending a French race-course come away firm believers in the Pari-Mutuel. It only has one drawback from the backer's point of view, so far as I have been able to see. When you have good advance information about a horse you can often get a long price on an English course before the "tip" leaks out and before much money is staked on it. It is nothing unusual for a horse to start in the betting at, say, 10 to 1 against and finish at 2 to 1. In the Pari-Mutuel, where the stakes are divided between all who back the winner, it

makes no difference whether you back early or late. But that the system makes for quietness, decency and order there can be no doubt.

DOCTORS, DRUGS, ETC.—The larger resorts nearly always have an English doctor or an English chemist's shop where proprietary medicines may be obtained. But if you have any special patent medicine on which you pin your faith it is as well to carry a supply across, as you cannot be sure of obtaining it there.

VILLAS AND FURNISHED HOUSES.—The Syndicat d'Initiative will usually supply the names of the local house agents, but failing this it is always safe to address your envelope to "The Principal House Agent" at the desired resort and leave the postman to decide which agent shall be blessed with your inquiries. This will, of course, be the one who tips him most freely and, after all, it is pleasant to have dealings with a man of a generous disposition. At most of the resorts dealt with in the following chapters the name of a reliable house agent is given.

We will now proceed to give some account of the resorts, one by one, starting from the extreme north-east of the French coast and working southwards and westwards. A principal resort will first be described and then the smaller ones clustering round it. Fares and routes will only be given to the principal resorts and the mode of conveyance from

these to the smaller resorts will be indicated only if it is unusual, *e.g.* by omnibus or ferry.

The list of hotels supplied definitely excludes those known to be indifferent, but is not intended to be comprehensive. No prices are given as they change constantly, not only each season, but during the season, according to the state of business. Roughly, however, the following prices are applicable to the classes of hotels indicated—the top price being for the larger and more fashionable places and the bottom prices for small places or definitely “out of season” times.

DE LUXE.—Any fancy price which the proprietors think they can make. It is rare that this class of hotel quotes inclusive terms during the season, though just before and after the season pension terms can sometimes be arranged. £1 10s. upwards a day for a single room is about the figure in the high season.

FIRST CLASS.—Between a guinea and thirty shillings a day. Weekly terms rather less in the smaller places.

SECOND CLASS.—12s. 6d. to £1 a day.

MODERATE HOTELS AND PENSIONS.—6s. to 12s. 6d. a day.

FARES.—Fares are given from London to the principal resort in a group only. The fares to the other places in that group will differ very little. Where there are no through bookings the French fare is stated in francs.



CHAPTER I

Calais

(CALAIS, DUNKERQUE, MALO-LES-BAINS.
BRAY DUNES, SANGATTE, WISSANT.)

THIS district is not very popular with English tourists and contains no seaside place of real note. Malo-les-Bains is easily the best of the batch, and Wissant is charming, though small.

CALAIS

(*Via Dover.*)

Fares.—1st class return	..	£4	13	10
2nd „ „	..	£3	7	4
3rd „ „	..	£2	7	8

CALAIS is primarily a port and fishing town, and although it has a stretch of sand and a casino, the dirt and smells inseparable from docks and fish pervade the place. The bathing underneath the cliffs is good, but as the sea rises and covers the sand, and the paths up the cliffs are few, care should

be taken not to be cut off by the tide. The tennis club has a dozen courts.

The casino is open from June to September, and has dancing, gambling and concerts. There is also a municipal theatre. The old town is interesting, and a day's visit to Calais is worth while. It is not recommended for a long holiday.

Hotels.

SECOND CLASS.—*Terminus, Meurice, Grand.*

MODERATE.—*du Commerce et Excelsior, Metropole, du Sawage, Victoria.*

DUNKERQUE AND MALO-LES-BAINS

(By light railway from Calais.)

DUNKERQUE bears the same relation to Malo-les-Bains as Portsmouth does to Southsea. Dunkerque is a port and commercial town of 40,000 inhabitants and Malo-les-Bains is a fashionable seaside suburb. It is rather remarkable, considering its accessibility and attractions, that Malo is not more frequented by English visitors. The beach is of beautiful, fine sand, the mile-long promenade is clean and bright. There are no de-luxe hotels, but the general tone and quality of the visitors is distinctly good.

Tennis is obtainable at the Dunkerque Tennis Club (near the casino).

The casino offers the usual attractions—gaming,

music-hall, cinema, dancing and the theatre has often exceedingly good Parisian shows.

Fishing both by line from the jetties and by net from the sands is a popular occupation. The sands are ideal for children and the bathing at high and half tides good and safe.

English people who desire to escape from their own countrymen for a time and like a fair-sized, not too fashionable resort should find Malo worth visiting. In August it is rather over-crowded with French family people. July and early September are the best times for a visit.

Hotels (Malo-les-Bains).

SECOND CLASS.—*du Casino, Pyl.*

MODERATE.—*Belle Rade, Cap Nord, Chateaubriand, du Kursaal.*

PENSION.—*Marie-Marthe.*

BRAY DUNES

(By train from Calais to Ghyvelde. The latter station is half a mile from Bray. Omnibuses meet the trains.)

THIS little bathing-place is a mile from the Belgian frontier and the promenade is protected by high sand dunes. It is pre-eminently a place for family parties with children, the sands being excellent and the bathing safe. There is a small tennis club. The hotels and pensions are unpretentious and cheap.

Hotels,

MODERATE.—*de la Plage, Moderne.*

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—*Digue de Mer.*

SANGATTE

(Five miles by bus from Calais.)

GOOD bathing and sands and little else.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*de la Plage, de la fin de la Guerre, des Bains, Roosen, Dupuy-Leleu.*

WISSANT

(Rail to Marquise-Ruixent and thence by omnibus or by bus from Calais.)

THE plage of Wissant is backed by an old village a few hundred yards inland. A rather bare stone promenade confines a good stretch of firm sand, and excellent bathing can be had. Apart from this the distractions are limited to the small tennis club (four courts last year) and fishing. Nevertheless the place is rather popular with English family people, many of whom rent villas there year after year.

There is a medical spring which is alleged to have the same properties as those of Vittel and Evian, so visitors can obtain the combined benefits of sea and

spa. A good little place for families and cheap. Channel swimmers are plentiful here in the season.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*de la Digue, des Bains, de la Plage.*

PENSION.—*Marie Stella.*

HOUSE AGENT.—E. Lefebure.



CHAPTER II

Boulogne

(BOULOGNE, FRAMZELLE, AUDRESSELLES,
AMBLETEUSE, WIMEREUX, LE PORTEL,
EQUIHEN, HARDELOT.)

THOSE whose train journey ends at Boulogne and who have registered luggage should resist the blandishments of the cabmen, who will incite them to hire a vehicle directly they leave the train, for the following reason. The registered luggage for Boulogne is dealt with last, and you may have to wait more than an hour while the luggage for other destinations is cleared. During this time your cabman is running up a good fare for waiting. You will have no difficulty in securing a conveyance after you have cleared your luggage. In this connection, if you are going to one of the smaller places named above, see the note under " Customs " in the introductory chapter.

BOULOGNE

Fares.—1st class return	..	£4	6	10
2nd „ „	..	£3	1	4
3rd „ „	..	£2	4	6

BOULOGNE is advertised so largely in England as a seaside resort that it is necessary to deal with its claims to such a distinction in rather more detail than could otherwise have been necessary.

To the ordinary visitor it presents the appearance of an unusually dirty commercial and fishing port. The quays run straight through the centre of the town and a more hopelessly squalid, smelly and uninviting promenade than is offered by this main avenue it would be difficult to imagine.

The shops and restaurants overlooking the port would be equally in place round the docks at Millwall, Cardiff or Newcastle-on-Tyne. Touts of all sorts, selling shoddy and questionable goods, whose inflated prices are shouted in English currency, make themselves a nuisance to every visitor, as do also a particularly undesirable set of street women. On a hot summer's afternoon the dust, the dirt, the noise and the smell from the fish market make one long for such comparatively quiet, fresh and healthy resorts as the Mile End Road on Saturday night and Petticoat Lane on Sunday morning. The town itself consists of mean, narrow, little streets with but few shops of anything like good class. The

others seem to make preying upon excursionists their principal business. When the price of the standard makes of brandy was round about 30 frs. (franc at 160) I saw bottles exhibited in many of the windows along the quays labelled "Very cheap, 8s. 6d. a bottle." The seaside part of the town consists of the small stretch of sand, nearly covered with bathing boxes, which can be seen on your left hand as you enter the harbour. The sand is generally dirty and the sea has a top-coating of refuse from the harbour. The only promenade is the small terrace above this foreshore. There is one hotel overlooking the sea and a few uninteresting boarding-houses.

By this time the reader will probably have gathered that there is no intention of recommending Boulogne for a summer holiday, but in fairness to the place its good points should be noted.

The old town on the hill surrounded by its thirteenth-century ramparts is a pleasing contrast from the noise and bustle of the fishing port below. It can be reached by tram from the harbour, but is too far away from the seashore to make living there convenient during a holiday. The old round-tower gateways should be seen, particularly the *Porte Gayole*.

The cathedral is modern; the old one was destroyed during the Revolution. Bishop Haffreingue designed and superintended the building and devoted his whole life to it. It is to be hoped that he was

satisfied with the result, because nobody else is likely to be. It is an ugly, uninteresting church.

If you are interested in miracles you might venture inside the cathedral and see the wooden virgin which arrived in the seventh century in a boat steered by no visible hand into Boulogne harbour !

The casino is the best thing in the place. The usual gaming facilities are provided, and the opera in the small theatre attached is cheap and not too bad of its kind.

There is a fine tennis club with courts and clubhouse in the Boulevard Eurvin. Tournaments are held frequently during the season.

Golf.—See Wimereux.

Hotels.

FIRST CLASS.—*Imperial Pavilion* (expensive).

SECOND CLASS. — *Christol - Bristol, Meurice, Chatham.*

MODERATE.—*de Bourgogne, des Bains, Moderne, du Nord, du Cygne, du Louvre et Terminus, de Londres, Temples Family Hotel.*

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—76 rue Faidherbe.

WIMEREUX

(By train or tramway from Boulogne. Registered luggage should be labelled to Wimereux.)

THE small trams which go from Boulogne to Wimereux skirt the sea-coast for about two miles.

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In fact, so near do they go to the sea that, at certain states of the tide, the waves break over the track and passengers are compelled to alight before the flood area is reached, to make their way on foot farther inland, and then return to a waiting car on the other side of the water. Perhaps in a few hundred years it may occur to the authorities to make a detour with the tram lines.

Wimereux itself consists of a main street running parallel with the sea coast and a few side streets leading down to the sea. The population is about 2,000.

There is about half a mile of beach of mixed sand and stones with a wood-paved promenade and villas and hotels adjoining. The bathing is good at high and half tide, but the sea goes out too great a distance at low tide to make the dip a pleasure for anybody who does not wish to combine long distance walking with his bathing. Off the beach is an old fort, in ruins, which was erected by Napoleon when he was contemplating the invasion of England. This can be reached on foot at low tide.

There are no bathing machines for hire, and unless you have rented a chalet or tent for the season it is customary to undress at the hotel and walk down in a dressing-gown.

The place is very free and easy and nobody minds what you do or what you wear. The only dress required is flannels for the beach and evening kit.

The wearing of evening dress is not obligatory in the casino.

One disadvantage of the beach is its very open position. There is absolutely no shelter from the sun, and in the event of a strong wind blowing from the north-east the sand drives along the small promenade in a distressingly uncomfortable manner.

The casino stands at the extreme western end of the town on a small cliff. It is quite an adequate building with a theatre, cinema, café and gaming rooms. In the theatre there are given small plays and operas and in the cinema the pictures intermit with variety turns. The latter are hardly first class, but as the seats are free this is not to be wondered at. There is dancing every evening in the café and usually once a week a grand "bal de gala" in the theatre, with prizes for fancy dress.

Dancing can also be had at the Atlantic Café in the middle of the promenade.

There are two tennis clubs, one opposite the casino and the other at the eastern end of the town. The former is the better, and is furnished with excellent hard courts and a good pavilion with restaurant and dressing-rooms. Short term subscriptions can be obtained. The golf course is one of the best in France, and championships are held on it. Unlike most of the courses along the north coast of France there are no soft sandy patches, the turf being good and springy. The course has been

recently extended to 6,000 yards, and the new holes were laid out under Mr. H. H. Hilton's advice and supervision. There is a good club house and an hotel within five minutes' walk of it.

A tiny river flows into the sea at Wimereux and a little fishing is to be had.

There is adequate hotel accommodation to suit all purses, ranging from two large first-class hotels overlooking the sea to small pensions in the side streets.

There are several excursions which are worth making from Wimereux. Within walking distance is the charming little village of Wimille, with an interesting church, and farther on a lovely river valley with water-mills and country inns.

In the opposite direction—towards Boulogne—Napoleon's Grande Armée Colonne, built to commemorate the massing of Napoleon's army preparatory to the great invasion of England (which failed to materialise), stands high overlooking the Channel, and a glorious view can be had from it on a clear day.

In the same direction—and at this distance of time from the war many will be able to find a melancholy pleasure in visiting it—is the great military cemetery at Terlincthun, which is wonderfully laid out and maintained.

On the whole, Wimereux can be heartily recommended to English visitors who do not desire

to go too far afield, and, granted good weather, it has every facility for affording a happy holiday.

Hotels.

FIRST CLASS.—*Splendid, Grand.*

SECOND CLASS.—*Regina, Hôtel Cosmopolite et du Golf* (on the golf course).

MODERATE.—*Des Anglais et des Bains, Belle Vue, de Paris et du Nord, de la Plage, Beau Rivage, de la Rivière.*

PENSIONS.—*Mon Ami Pierrot, Villa Flandre et Artois, Les Camelias, La Marmaille, Paul et Virginie, Passiflora.*

Full particulars and current prices can be obtained from the Syndicat d'Initiative, Rue Carnot, Wimereux.

HOUSE AGENTS.—Bataille, Despommares, Leroy. All in the Rue Carnot, Wimereux.

HARDELOT

By motor-bus from Boulogne Maritime Station, or by tramcar to Pont de Briques, and then change to another car for Hardelot. (The trams start from the Rue Victor Hugo, not from the station. 9 miles.)

If you wish to see Hardelot in all its unspoilt beauty you had better hurry up and pay it a visit, for the latest news concerning the place is that an enterprising syndicate has commenced operations with

a view of "booming" it, and in a few years it will doubtless be as artificial as Ostend and Deauville. At present it owes its charm almost entirely to Nature. Miles of perfect sand are backed by sand-dunes covered with pine trees and, farther inland, by a wonderful wooded country with a romantic castle set in the midst of it.

This Castle of Hardelot about a mile from the beach is well worth visiting. The ramparts and dungeons can be viewed under the supervision of a custodian :

"telling part
Of its history by heart."

Allowing for possible enthusiasm in the historical records, it seems tolerably certain that the original foundations date from Charlemagne in the early years of the ninth century, and the tower is named after him.

Returning to the seaside, we find a remarkable stretch of good sand with one big hotel and a number of good-looking villas. The bathing is excellent and the paddling particularly safe for children, as the sea on the turn of the tide leaves large shallow lakes on the sands.

Intending visitors must bear in mind that it is a tiny place with nothing much to do in the evening. It is unwise to go without booking rooms—they are scarce in the season.

The golf course is fair to moderate. It needs a lot of attention, but I believe steps are now being taken to put it in order.

Tennis is fairly good and cheap.

The forest abounds in small game and the lakes in the woods offer some quiet fishing. For a self-contained family party bent on a healthy holiday without the hectic excitements of casinos, dance rooms, etc., Hardelot can be strongly recommended.

Unless you are staying at the Grand Hotel, a visit to inspect and book rooms is advisable. The Syndicat d'Initiative, Villa St. Jean, will, however, furnish a list of pensions, etc.

Hotels.

FIRST CLASS.—*Grand.*

MODERATE.—*De Paris, Villa des Roses.*

LE PORTEL

(By tram from Central Station, Boulogne, about half an hour's ride. Trams every 15 minutes.)

LE PORTEL is certainly not a place to be recommended to the sophisticated. Sea air and fishermen are the principal products. The visitors are very largely lower-middle class French people and the accommodation is designed accordingly. There are a few small hotels and a great number of cheap pensions. Some of these are good and most of them are adequate and

clean ; but they need picking out, and a personal recommendation or a trial visit is to be advised.

The month of August is very overcrowded and the average English continental visitor would hardly be happy there at that time.

In the other months Le Portel offers good bathing and beach sports at a cheap rate. If amusement is desired a tram will take you to the Casino at Boulogne and special late cars will convey you back. But the most interesting things about Le Portel are the fishing industry and the occasional religious processions in ancient costumes which the villagers indulge in.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*Eden, des Bains, de la Gare, Beau Rivage.*

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—Town Hall, Le Portel.

AMBLETEUSE

{ (By omnibus from Boulogne. 4 miles.)

AMBLETEUSE is a fishing village, with a population of well under a thousand, which is more interesting for an excursion from Boulogne or Wimereux than as a place to stay for a holiday. It has historical associations with James II., Napoleon and Vauban. The famous military architect and engineer in the reign of Louis XIV. designed a great harbour here, and the ruins of some of his work may now be seen.

Unfortunately he could not supply the sea as well, so Ambleteuse remains useless as a harbour. The old fort is interesting. There are good bathing and fishing, a few tennis courts, and the place is cheap, and that 's all there is to be said about it.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*Grand, Delpierre.*

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—Villa l'Entente Cordiale.

AUDRESSELLES

(1½ miles from Ambleteuse.)

GOOD bathing. No hotels. A few cottages can be rented for the season.

FRAMZELLE

(By bus from Wimereux.)

UNDER the shadow of the lighthouse and cliffs of Gris-Nez, and protected from the north and easterly winds, is a tiny valley and a beautiful little bay, and round this bay clusters the village of Framzelle. One hotel and a few pensions and inns are available for visitors, and for a quiet family bathing place, with no other attractions save those provided by sea, sand and fresh air, it is hard to beat. Family parties go there year by year and the hotel in the height of the season is full of old friends. If you are thinking

of visiting Framzelle an early visit to book rooms is absolutely necessary.

Hotel.

De la Sirène.

There is no Syndicat d'Initiative.

EQUIHEN

(Bus from Boulogne. 4 miles.)

Do you remember the upturned boat in which the Peggottys lived at Yarmouth in *David Copperfield*? And would you like to see numbers like it in which families of fisherpeople live and move and have their being? If so, go to Equihen.

If a tiny village, with little accommodation for visitors, and that not by any means first class, plus fine cliffs, good bathing and a pleasant slice of country, with everything rather happy-go-lucky, cheap and picnicky, appeal to you, Equihen is worth trying. If the normal amenities of twentieth-century life are necessities to your happiness you had better keep away.

Hotel.

De la Plage.

No Syndicat d'Initiative. A preliminary visit is advisable if you wish to book rooms.



CHAPTER III

Le Touquet

(LE TOUQUET—PARIS-PLAGE, MONTREUIL,
ST. CÉCILE, ST. GABRIEL, BERCK,
MERLIMONT, QUEND-PLAGE, FORT MAHON.)

LE TOUQUET—PARIS-PLAGE

(By train from Boulogne to Etaples, thence by tramway
(uncommonly like a railway along the road) to
Le Touquet. $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles.)

Fares.—1st class return	..	£4	12	8
2nd „ „	..	£3	5	6
3rd „ „	..	£2	7	5

NOBODY can say where Le Touquet begins and Paris-Plage ends, any more than they can tell where a worm's head ends and its tail begins. Originally the forest land was Le Touquet and the seaside houses Paris-Plage, but now the whole is united to make the largest and most fashionable resort in Picardy.

An enormous straight stretch of fine sand is banked by a wide artificial promenade with gardens and

lawns and a roadway lined with villas and hotels. Behind this are the town, and, farther inland, a great pine forest in the midst of which are set hundreds of villas of every sort and condition of architecture, some attractive and some horribly ugly and blatant. Most of them have charming gardens, and what they may lack in taste they make up in opulence.

In the forest also are the finest hotels, clustered round the Casino de la Foret, one of the largest and most magnificent in France. This casino rivals that of Deauville in the matter of the high stakes played at Baccara, and the crowd of international gamblers of both sexes is worth seeing. The Boule salons are large and airy and beautifully kept and conducted. The building also accommodates a theatre, two ballrooms and a restaurant. There is a fine open-air colonnade and afternoon tea in the gardens of the casino is a delightful function for those who enjoy the chatter and gaiety of a fashionable crowd in exquisite surroundings.

To return to the sea. The bathing is very good except at extreme low tide, when the sea goes out for miles. Then, also, it is rather dangerous for the bather who goes out sufficiently far to get into deep water, as there are treacherous currents. Good accommodation for undressing is provided in wooden pavilions, while the beach is dotted with hundreds of private tents. The promenade and beach have no

shelter whatsoever, and are apt to be oppressive in the mid-day sun. The sands are ideal for children.

If you live in the forest you will soon find one unfortunate feature of the place, namely the number of mosquitoes. These come from swamps behind the forest and steps are being taken to drain these and so get rid of the nuisance. They are most noticeable in August. Another nuisance, of which you should beware when booking rooms, is the revolving light in the lighthouse at the Etaples end of Le Touquet. This flashes into the back bedroom windows of most of the houses facing seawards and light sleepers should see that their bedrooms face in another direction.

Le Touquet is essentially towny and fashionable and the rows of little shops in the neighbourhood of the casino vie with those of Bond Street and the Rue de la Paix in the "chic" of their contents. The prices are equally fashionable and exclusive.

Hotels and living generally are on the dear side, though for so fashionable a resort there is a surprising number of moderately priced hotels, especially in June, July and September. The prices at the larger hotels in August are prodigious.

In choosing an hotel you must make up your mind whether the sea or the forest and its casino make the most appeal to you. If you are near the sea you are nearly a mile from the large casino and the cab fares at night will mount up to a considerable

figure during the course of your stay. The small municipal casino on the front is being pulled down and rebuilt at present (1927).

TENNIS.—There is no finer tennis to be had in France than that at Le Touquet. There are twenty-seven hard courts in a bunch near the casino, all first class and well kept, and four attached to the golf club.

At the former handicap tournaments are held weekly, and in September the international tournaments, which attract some of the finest players in Europe, take place there. There is always plenty of play for visitors of all grades and the groundsmen are very obliging in fixing strangers into "fours" of the requisite strength. Players of a good club standard are strongly advised to go in for the handicap tournaments. Not only does an entry ensure getting some good play and plenty of variety, but the entrance fee is very little different from the normal short term subscription, and, with a generous handicap, the possibility of pulling off a decent prize is by no means remote.

The Secretary, Tennis Club, Le Touquet, will send full particulars of temporary membership and full information about the tournaments for the season on request. Some of the hotels near the casino make special terms for tennis tournament players in September, and if you want lessons there are first-class professionals attached who teach at

really quite moderate fees. The club house itself has reading and writing rooms, baths and shower baths (with a rose-covered verandah) and an American bar (with no restrictions regarding hours!).

It is the most ideally-equipped tennis club I have ever seen.

GOLF.—To those—and their number increases every year—whose sole idea of a holiday is to change the piece of land upon which they normally knock a small ball into 18 holes with clubbed sticks, for an almost identical area similarly provided with the necessary holes, Le Touquet will prove a paradise.

There are two courses, one of 18 and the other of 9 holes. The former is one of the finest in Europe. It is beautifully designed and laid out amidst fine wooded country with plenty of natural bunkers and sporting hazards. There is one piece of rough celebrated as a last refuge for balls which are tired of being knocked about. A Scotsman once recovered a ball which he drove into it, but he wasted the whole of his fortnight's holiday in the process. The greens are kept in perfect condition. What must also be amongst the finest "19th holes" in the world is the Golf Hotel, a de luxe establishment right on the course.

Full information, fees, etc., can be obtained from M. Denet-Barry, Touquet Golf Club, Le Touquet.

POLO.—International polo of the highest class can be witnessed at the Polo Club just behind the

tennis courts. The gymkhanas during the polo season (second and third weeks in August) are extremely fashionable.

RACING.—The new racecourse lies on the road between Etaples and Le Touquet, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Le Touquet. There are six or seven days devoted to racing during the high season between the middle of July and the middle of August. The actual dates can be had each year from the Société des Courses, Place de l'Hermitage, Le Touquet. There is both flat racing and "over the sticks," and the prizes are big enough to make it worth while for English owners to send over some first-class mounts. Betting by Pari-Mutuel. There are also several days' racing in September, including American Trotting Races.

DANCING.—In the afternoon there is a choice of three dances. One, in the ballroom at the Casino de la Foret, is included in the entrance fee and is crowded with children. Another in the Restaurant de la Foret—at the entrance to the casino—is select, expensive and good. The third is at the Normandy Bar in the Rue St. Jean. This latter is distinctly good. The Normandy consists of an hotel, restaurant, American bar and a garden in which tea and cocktails are served. If you are partaking of a drink you are entitled to wander through to the dance room and perform.

In the evening the same places are open. The

casino dance starts about nine o'clock and continues until midnight. The ballroom is large and the floor good, but for the last few years the band has been anything but good and, last year, unless you were content with rhythmless one-steps taken at a terrific pace you were hardly likely to be pleased. It has the advantage, however, of being cheap; no extra charge being made over and above the small admission to the casino. After midnight another band strikes up in the restaurant and this is considerably better. If you do not wish to take supper you can order drinks only, which are at the standard rate of 15 francs a time, whether coffee or brandy be ordered.

The Restaurant de la Foret runs a dinner dance which is quite jolly and enjoyable, only the floor space for dancing is altogether too small.

The dance at the Normandy begins about midnight and in the height of the season is well patronised. The band is good.

Other Amusements.

HORSE SHOW.—Annually, first two weeks in July.

HORSE RIDING.—In the forest. Hacks for hire at several stables.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—Only I hope you don't really want to indulge in this barbarous "sport."

A **DRIVE** in one of the leisurely horse cabs through the many miles of shady roads in the forest is

one of the pleasantest ways of spending the late afternoon.

HUNTING.—Drag hounds in the forest. Particulars can be had from M. Le Camus de Wailly, Maître d'Equipage, Villa "Rodney Hut," Le Touquet.

To sum up, Le Touquet with its sea and forest, its extraordinary diversity of amusements and its accessibility from England is hard to beat for those desiring a fashionable resort.

Hotels.

(The larger hotels do not give pension terms during the period 15th July to end of August.)

DE LUXE.—*Westminster, Hermitage, Regina.*

FIRST CLASS.—*Golf, des Anglais, Atlantic.*

SECOND CLASS.—*Normandy, Windsor, Excelsior, Britannia, des Dunes, St. Christophe, Touquet-Hotel, du Centre, Roberts.*

MODERATE.—*Carlton et Continental, de la Digue, Fleury, de la Gare, du Progres, de la Ruche, Universal.*

SMALL HOTELS.—*Duboc, du Globe, Nouvel-Hotel, Victoria.*

PENSIONS.—*Alexandre, La Basoche, Beau Soleil, Les Charmettes, Corner House, Le Cygne, Printannia Suzette.*

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—28 Rue de Bruxelles.

Excursion from Le Touquet—Montreuil-sur-Mer.

This is an excursion which should be made. It is an easy motor ride from Le Touquet, or can be reached by light railway from Etaples station—six miles.

If you have ever arrived at Southend-on-Sea at low tide and inquired pathetically "Why 'on-Sea'?" you will be still more inclined to ask the question about Montreuil-sur-Mer. Wherever the sea may have been ages ago, it is now at least six miles away! Montreuil was, however, an important seaport in the Middle Ages, and has been of almost continuous historical interest since that time till 1915, when it was the headquarters of Haig and the General Staff of the British Expeditionary Force.

The town is surrounded by ramparts affording a fine promenade under the shelter of great elm trees. The cobbled streets, the old houses, the citadel (thirteenth century), the ruins of the Tower of Justice and the Monastery of St. Saulve are worth seeing, and if you are a Sterne enthusiast you will wish to visit the Hôtel de France of *Sentimental Journey* fame. Try, if possible, to arrange your visit on a cool day, as Montreuil's narrow, cobbled streets under a hot sun are agonising to ordinary feet.

BERCK-SUR-MER

(31 miles by train from Boulogne. Change at Rang-du-Fliers.)

Fares.—Book to Boulogne, no through bookings.

THE ordinary guide book description of Berck speaks of its ten miles stretch of fine sand, its wonderful climate and the almost miraculous cures in cases of bone and joint diseases which the peculiar qualities of the air and sea are said to effect. It also mentions the casino with its theatre, gambling, music hall and dancing, and the tennis club with its excellent courts and its tournament.

And all this is very true and looks extremely well on paper. But there are several big "buts" about Berck. The ten miles of sand is left so high and dry at low tide that one wonders if the sea will ever return. The view from the promenade is entirely blocked for great distances by heaps of the most shabby, disreputable-looking, broken-down bathing boxes to be found in Europe. The whole town, with its miles of slums at the back, seems to be in need of a few million gallons of paint. The place is swarmed with lower middle-class French families with children suffering from every kind of bone deformity imaginable. The balconies of all the houses and the beach are strewn with stretchers and portable chairs containing unfortunate cripples. One out of

every ten houses is a hospital or clinic and the chemists' shop windows are full of ghastly pictures of deformities.

If the town were fresh and bright and the beach and promenade well kept, anybody with a spark of compassion in his soul could hardly enjoy himself surrounded as he is by so much illness, but in the present circumstances the man who could enjoy a summer holiday there must be of an extraordinarily happy disposition. If the title of this book were "How to be Unhappy in France" more might be written about Berck, but, as it is not, all that need be said is that unless you need hospital treatment (and with regard to the efficacy of the place in this connection I have no information) keep away. For fear anybody still persists in going the following is a brief list of hotels.

SECOND CLASS.—*Continental, Cottage des Dunes, du Phare, de la Terrasse.*

MODERATE.—*Central, Beausite, Chaumière, Du Paris, Rusticana, du Nord.*

PENSIONS. — *Beauséjour, Bonne Santé, Villa Maritime, Jean-Jacques, du Papillon.*

A full list of hotels and of hospitals and nursing homes can be had from the Syndicat d'Initiative, 10 Avenue de la Gare.

MERLIMONT

(By light railway from Le Touquet or by carriage from Rang-du-Fliers.)

THIS is a tiny place with good bathing and an excellent sandy beach mid-way between Le Touquet and Berck. The country behind is attractive, having extensive pine woods. There are no indoor amusements. The Syndicat d'Initiative, with a fine gesture towards Berck, announces "No Casino, no gambling, no hospitals, no tubercular patients, but fine sea air and complete quiet."

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*Belle Vue, St. Georges, Grand, de la Terrasse, Central.*

PENSIONS.—*Stewart, Jondey.*

HOUSE AGENTS.—*Belleville-Ficheux, Lefebvre.*

ST. CÉCILE and ST. GABRIEL

(Change at Dannes-Camiers Station, just before reaching Étaples.)

THESE are two tiny bathing stations of recent growth with good sand and a few villas. There is little accommodation for casual visitors at St. Gabriel, but the recently-built Grand Hotel at St. Cécile is quite large and good for so small a place.

QUEND-PLAGE

(To Quend-Fort-Mahon Station, about 15 miles southwards from Étaples, thence by tram through Quend Village. 6 miles.)

THIS is a mere collection of chalets and small pensions. There are fresh air, tennis, sea bathing and sand in abundance, but nothing else. It is predominantly French.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*Grand Bellevue.*

PENSIONS.—*Neptune, Bagatelle.*

HOUSE AGENT.—Vasseur.

SINDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—Villa "Les Tamaris,"
Avenue de la Plage.

FORT MAHON

THIS resort is a mile or so north of Quend-Plage and has a little more life and a few more attractions. There is a small casino with gambling, dancing and cinema; tennis courts are available for visitors, and there are plenty of fishing and rough shooting. The bathing is excellent. The whole place is singularly unexciting, however, and except for a self-contained family party would probably prove boring.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*De la Mer, de la Tour, de la Plage.*

PENSIONS.—*Cantrel, Fouillade, des Arts.*

HOUSE AGENTS.—Aucher, Herman.

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—Avenue de la Plage.



CHAPTER IV

The Somme Estuary

(ST. VALERY-SUR-SOMME, CAYEUX-SUR-MER,
LE CROTOY, BRIGHTON-PLAGE.)

ST. VALERY-SUR-SOMME

(By train from Boulogne to St. Valery Station ($1\frac{1}{2}$ miles outside the town), or by tram from Nozelles. 4 miles.)

Fares.—See Boulogne. No through bookings from England.

ST. VALERY is not a place in which to spend a typical seaside holiday. It is more a tourist centre. The town is only on the sea in the very limited sense that the estuary of the Somme contains salt water. Only at high tide is bathing possible. In fact, at low tide the sea disappears entirely and you can walk across to Le Crotoy, two miles away. For those, however, who love a picturesque place near the sea, in an excellent situation as a centre for touring, St. Valery has possibilities.

Its old streets and quaintly-dressed fisherfolk

are as much loved by artists as those of St. Ives in Cornwall. The town is in two fairly distinct parts ; the lower, round the fishing port, is called La Ferte, and the real St. Valery is on the fine wooded hillside sloping down to the port. St. Valery is still surrounded by old ramparts and the twelfth-century Porte d'Eu and the fourteenth-century Porte de Nevers are finely preserved.

William the Conqueror and his band of rogues and robbers started from this port in 1066. They also started from Dives, near Cabourg, and from another place whose name I have forgotten ! Be that as it may, the place is historically very interesting and is worth visiting even if you don't propose to stay there.

The hotels are small and decidedly unpretentious ; but the prices are very reasonable. There is very good fishing in the bay.

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—28 Rue de la Terte.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*Belle Vue, du Commerce et du Lion d'Or Réunis, de la Colonne de Bronze, du Port et des Bains.*

CAYEUX

(By rail, Boulogne—Nozelles—Cayeux.)

CAYEUX is one of the usual kind of " plages " which have grown on the site of old fishing villages. The

fishing is still carried on, but the catching of visitors is more important than the catching of fish.

Save for the flat, dull country round about, Cayeux is quite attractive. The beach is stony near the promenade and a wood-paving walk, a mile long, has been constructed over it ; but the shingle gives way to sand after about 10 to 15 yards and the bathing is good and safe. The sea goes out a tremendous distance at low tide.

In August the place is crowded and there are plenty of entertainments. The casino is small, but it has all the usual attractions and is jolly and homely. There is dancing every day, plus orchestral concerts and light opera. The visitors are mainly French. There are no great hotels and no fashionable people. It is a good place for a family party.

Tennis courts can be found at the Hôtel des Bains. Prices are reasonable.

Hotels.

GOOD.—*Du Kursaal.*

MODERATE.—*Grand Hôtel des Bains, Central, du Commerce et de la Plage, de l'Univers, Notre Dame de la Mer.*

PENSIONS.—*Villa Ernestine, Villa Mirka, Au Bon Répos.*

HOUSE AGENTS.—Apply to Syndicat d'Initiative.

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—Boulevard de la Mer.

LE CROTOY

(Boulogne to Noyelles, thence 5 miles by light railway to Le Crotoy. Or it can be reached, as previously noted, by walking across the sea at low tide from St. Valery.)

LE CROTOY is on the north side of the estuary of the Somme. It is well patronised by upper middle-class French people and the general tone of the place is "non-trippery." The visitors have the air of those at Frinton or Cromer rather than the crowd at Margate or Southend. Or in the usual term, it is "select." The beach is of good sand, but the bathing disappears entirely at low tide and is only reasonably decent at high tide.

There is an artificial stone promenade along the shore and the hotels and houses are clean and attractive-looking. The casino is not large, but it contains all the usual amusements—boule, baccara, a small theatre, a dance place and café.

There are four good tennis courts.

One of the chief attractions to the majority of the male visitors is the excellent rough shooting on the banks of the river.

The fishing is also good.

If you wish to see where the English bowmen distinguished themselves, the little town of Crecy is but eight miles away, and the woods are worth picnicing in even if your historical urge is small.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*De la Marine, du Commerce, des Sports, du Balcon, Jeanne d'Arc, Lapelletière.*

PENSIONS.—*Yvonne, Bonne-Maman.*

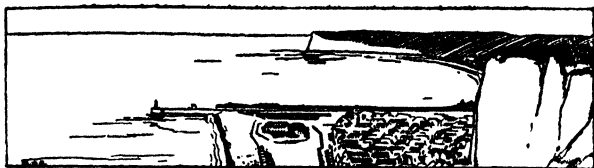
HOUSE AGENTS.—Juvigny, Tellier.

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—21 Rue de la Porte du Pont.

BRIGHTON-PLAGE

(A mile from Cayeux.)

ANYTHING less like its great namesake in England could hardly be imagined. There is fine sandy beach and there are a few villas backed by an extensive wood of fir trees, which keeps off the northerly winds—and nothing else. Only by a preliminary visit can rooms be engaged.



CHAPTER V

Le Tréport—Mers

(LE TRÉPORT—MERS, ONIVAL, AULT,
BOIS DE CISE. EU.)

LE TRÉPORT—MERS

(By rail from Boulogne or Dieppe.)

Fares.—1st class return	..	£4	3	8
2nd „ „	..	£3	0	3
3rd „ „	..	£2	5	0
(Via Dieppe.)				

AT Le Tréport, for the first time since Gris Nez, we encounter huge cliffs. Le Tréport and Mers are practically one and the same place, being built on opposite sides of a river, like Deauville and Trouville. On the left hand side facing the sea is Le Tréport with a river front and a sea front. The former is a dirty, dusty road like West Street at Brighton—only worse. The latter is also a dusty road, backed by small hotels and pensions. The view from it is restricted to the backs of bathing cabins. The beach is accessible by several paths of wooden

planks laid on the shingle. There is no sand visible at high water, but after you have negotiated the somewhat agonising stones, sand is reached. There are stalls on the beach, including a well-known one in which a kind of fretwork pancake is turned out hot from a machine which looks like a printing-press. Generally speaking, the crowd at Southend would appear aristocratic compared with that on Le Tréport beach. The town and shops are like unto the beach.

If you take the lift which runs up the high chalk cliffs you come into a very different atmosphere. There are remarkably fine terraces with gardens and a large de luxe hotel. Up here the mob does not penetrate in great numbers. If you stay at Le Tréport it should certainly be on the heights. The Tréport casino is at the corner where the sea and river fronts join and is a remarkably large building in pleasing contrast to the rather scruffy town. The theatre is handsome and large for a casino, the ballroom is good and there is a separate concert hall in which music is provided twice a day during the season. The crowd is nearly wholly French, mainly of the lower middle classes. Le Tréport is in no sense a fashionable resort.

You cross the turning-bridge over the harbour to reach Mers. The long promenade extends to the cliffs which bound the bay on the eastern side. It is rather cleaner and brighter than the front at Le Tréport and a view of the sea is obtainable

over the heads of the bathing tents and boxes. All the houses are small pensions and moderate priced hotels and after such fronts as those of Le Touquet, Deauville, or even Dieppe, this one strikes you as rather shabby. I notice that one optimistic guide, published in England, states that "the sands are good (there is a little shingle next the cliff)." The "little shingle next the cliff" will appeal to anybody who visits Mers as one of the wildest flights of fancy he has ever encountered. The visible beach consists almost wholly of rounded stones, far too big to be described as shingle, upon which walking, without thick boots, would be absolute torture. Planks are laid down to enable bathers to get to the water without pain, and once at the water's edge sand does in fact exist, and the bathing is quite pleasant. But the beach is too uncomfortable to sit or lie upon, and at high water is hopeless for children. In fairness, however, to all concerned it should be said that in the height of the season it is almost impossible to see the beach for the crowd of people upon it.

The Mers casino is a small wooden building with a little gambling, a little dancing and some amusements of a very second-rate order. There are a couple of tennis courts at the back.

On the whole I have not found Le Tréport-Mers particularly exciting. There is no golf, very little tennis, the beach is bad, the town not particularly

pleasant and the hotels, with the exception of those on the cliffs, rather second rate.

A stay at the large hotel on the cliff with quick descents to the sea for bathing and to the casino for gaming, etc., should, however, be pleasant enough ; but there is nothing here that cannot be had in better surroundings elsewhere.

Hotels.

LE TRÉPORT.

DE LUXE.—*Trianon* (on the cliffs).

FIRST CLASS.—*Golf* (on the cliffs).

SECOND CLASS.—*De la Plage, du Commerce, des Bains et de France.*

MODERATE.—*De Calais, du Lion d'Or, de Rouen, Beauvaisy.*

PENSIONS.—*Étoile d'Or, Henri Madeleine, Sables d'Or, Cote d'Azur.*

HOUSE AGENTS.—*Arfaut-Hertaux, Falloncier.*

MERS.

SECOND CLASS.—*Des Bains, du Casino.*

MODERATE.—*Bellevue et Beaurivage, Lutetia, Jean et Helena, du Nord.*

PENSIONS.—*Carlus-Houle, Les Charmettes.*

HOUSE AGENTS.—*Caron, Dupont, Lorson, Agence Get.*

ONIVAL

(By train Boulogne—Abbeville—Ault, thence by bus
1½ miles.)

ONIVAL is a "made" resort. There is no foundation of fishing-village, and the whole place is designed and fitted as a seaside resort *tout simple*. The shore—sand and shingle—is bordered by hotels and villas; the casino is small and unpretentious, but provides a little gambling and some fair dancing. Onival is essentially a family resort, quiet and not fashionable. Young people, particularly unattached ones, would probably find it dull. Living is inexpensive. There is a fair tennis club.

There is a combined Syndicat d'Initiative for the three places: Onival, Ault and Bois de Cise. Address: M. Froiderval, Bois de Cise (Somme).

AULT

(By rail from Abbeville, 22 miles, or by auto-bus from
Eu, 4 miles.)

AULT and Onival are practically the same place.

The town is built on the sides of the cliffs and straggles down gradually to a small beach composed of shingle. It is not, however, the particularly vicious sort of shingle which makes bathing without shoes a penance, but is composed mostly of smooth little pebbles.

One nuisance of the place is the everlasting climbing between the beach and the houses. The casino is also on the sea level, so the climb has to be repeated morning, noon and night. Those who can stand Ilfracombe, Clovelly and Ventnor, however, will not mind the cliffs here.

The casino is only open in the height of the season, July, August and September, and is rather small. It has a boule-room, a concert and cinema hall and a billiard table. There is a lawn tennis club on the heights.

This is another small family place, mainly French and, in general, the visitors take a villa for the season or apartments.

Hotels.

AULT—ONIVAL.

MODERATE.—*St. Pierre, des Deux Plages, de Paris, de la Renaissance, de la Plage, des Terrasses.*

HOUSE AGENTS.—Monborgne (Onival), Bassey (Ault).

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—See Onival.

BOIS DE CISE

(2 miles from Ault, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Eu.)

As its name indicates, this little place stands in well-wooded country. A gap in the cliff between Ault and Mers gives access to a little valley, the slopes of the containing cliffs being well covered with trees.

The bathing is considerably better than that at Ault and Onival, and the seashore is left entirely *au naturel*, all the buildings being on the cliffs.

The only indoor amusements are at the Hôtel du Casino, where the dances are open to non-residents.

The easy access to Mers and Ault makes this a very pleasant place for families who desire quiet surroundings within reach of amusements, but unspoiled by crowds.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*Du Casino, de la Renommée, de la Plage.*

HOUSE AGENT.—Agence Générale.

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—See Onival.

EU

AN excursion which is worth while making from any of the seaside places in this group is to Eu, a small town of about 5,000 inhabitants, famous in all France for its castle, which belongs to the Orleans family. The church and college are also interesting, and behind the town is a great forest, a wonderful spot for picnicing.



CHAPTER VI

Dieppe

(DIEPPE, BERNÉVAL, PUY, POURVILLE,
VARENGEVILLE, ST. MARGUERITE,
QUIBERVILLE, VEULES-LES-ROSES.)

DIEPPE

(By steamer direct from Newhaven.)

Fares.—1st class return	..	£3	18	0
2nd „ „	..	£2	16	0
3rd „ „	..	£2	2	0

BEFORE the rise to fame of Le Touquet, Deauville and Dinard a visit to the seaside in France meant, almost certainly, a visit to Dieppe. In early Victorian times the sailing packet boats made their long crossing from Brighton to Dieppe, and all the gayest and most fashionable of English society drifted there at one time or another.

It is useless to pretend that Dieppe still occupies anything like this position. Time has had one of its usual revenges, and yesterday's seat of fashion is now a second-class resort, overrun at holidays and week-ends with excursionists. Steam transport

and cheap fares have made Dieppe too easily accessible, with the almost inevitable result.

But there is still a great deal of kick in the old place, and it is even now one of the dozen best-worth-visiting resorts on the coast.

The front reminds you rather of parts of Brighton and Hove.

A shingle seashore, bounded on the right by the harbour and on the left by a great cliff, on which the towers of the old castle rise, has a fine promenade running all along it, backed by a wide lawn and a road with a long line of fine, if somewhat old, hotels. The large casino stands right in the middle of the promenade.

There is plenty to do in the season. The bathing is not too good, but if you don't mind a shingle beach it is enjoyable. The golf course is just outside the town on the road to Pourville, and can be reached by bus (18 holes and 9 holes). Here also are the best tennis courts. Race meetings are held at Rouxmesnil (by bus) on twelve days annually, in August and September. There is pigeon shooting (for barbarians) and fishing for the gentle-minded. The regattas for sailing yachts are famous throughout France. Indoor amusements are confined to the casino. This is undergoing alteration and enlargement at present (1927). The theatre offers opera and comic opera, besides ordinary comedies, with first-class Parisian companies. The gaming salons

are amongst the biggest on the coast. A free dance (on a floor rather like a ploughed field) is held in the evening in the main ballroom, and a much better one, with a really good floor and band, in the restaurant attached to the casino.

Dieppe is a great centre for autocar excursions, the choice of routes every day being positively bewildering.

When you leave the front Dieppe loses some of its charm. The town is old and rather dirty, and after you have been to see the two old churches (St. Jacques and St. Remy) you will probably wish to confine yourself to the parts where the sea breezes penetrate.

The only hotels you will care to stay in are those right on the sea front, and even in these it is desirable to make sure of a front room, as the outlook from most of the back rooms is deplorable.

Dieppe is definitely towny, and will appeal only to those who are happy at Brighton and such-like resorts. It is very jolly, gay, and half populated with English visitors. For young unattached people it is probably as good a resort as any in France.

Hotels.

ON THE SEA FRONT.

DE LUXE.—*Royal*.

FIRST CLASS.—*Metropole, Grand, Regina*.

SECOND CLASS.—*Des Étrangers, Rhin et Newhaven. Edouard VII., de la Plage.*

MODERATE.—*La Plage, Des Indes, Bellevue.*

IN THE TOWN.

SECOND CLASS.—*De Paris, d'Angleterre, de France, Terminus.*

PENSIONS.—*Gillette, Rene Pierre, Graziella, Jeanne d'Arc.*

HOUSE AGENTS.—Hurpin, Patin, Roy.

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—Esplanade du Casino.

Two small excursions are worth making from Dieppe. One is to the Manoir d'Ango, near Varengeville, one of the finest examples of Norman domestic architecture to be seen in the country, and the other is to the famous inn and restaurant called the Auberge du Clos Normand, three miles on the road to Le Tréport (which, up to last year, at any rate, was one of the worst roads in France, with huge potholes all the way). Here you can enjoy a wonderful lunch in the shady garden by a trout stream, and eat the freshly-caught trout cooked, as they should be cooked, in the excellent Normandy butter and the *poulet de grain clos Normand*, another speciality of the inn. The inn itself has a lovely timbered front dating from the fifteenth century. Two new pavilions have been added. The clos is planted thickly with apple trees. On a spring

day, when the bloom is on the trees, the blending of the colours of the faded old red brick on the farmhouse, the ancient timber, the stream, the grass and the apple blossom makes an unforgettable picture.

BERNÉVAL

(By road from Dieppe, 6 miles.)

BERNÉVAL is a little village on a plateau three hundred feet high overlooking the sea. The road leading to the sea is a deep cutting between the cliffs, and if you like a good walk before and after bathing, this is the place to enjoy it. Alternatively you can climb a few thousand steps cut in the cliffs. The beach is of shingle with sand near the water. Apart from bathing and walking in the surrounding country there is nothing to do.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*Grand, de la Plage, du Val-Fleuri.*

PUYS

(2 miles by road from Dieppe.)

PUYS is a good little spot to stay in if you wish to enjoy the amusements of Dieppe and yet be apart from the bustle and noise of a big resort. The bathing is not too bad—the beach is the mixture of shingle and sand usual along this piece of the coast—the hotels are good and reasonable. The Hôtel des Terrasses has its own tennis courts.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*Les Grèves, des Terrasses, de la Plage.*

PENSIONS.—*La Marcelle, La Mésange, Les Grottes.*

HOUSE AGENT.—Roy.

POURVILLE

(2 miles by road from Dieppe.)

POURVILLE is definitely the most fashionable resort between Le Touquet and Étretat. It is entirely modern and consists of a few hotels and villas clustering round a de luxe hotel. This latter (the Grand Hotel) has its own casino, and you can visit it even if you are a non-resident.

The beach and bathing are better than those at any of the other resorts on this shingly coast, and the Dieppe golf course is near at hand. To people who like the "single hotel" type of place, where all the visitors rely on each other for amusement, and are therefore inclined to be sociable, Pourville should make a strong appeal.

Hotels.

DE LUXE.—*Grand.*

SECOND CLASS.—*Normandy, Pavillon Bleu.*

MODERATE.—*Albion, des Deux Routes, British et de la Plage.*

HOUSE AGENTS.—Bilbaut, Rouland

VARENGEVILLE and ST. MARGUERITE

THESE two little villages are close together, about 7 miles west of Dieppe. The beach is some distance away from the village of Varengeville. They have the advantage of combining decent country surroundings with proximity to the sea. The bathing is passable. There are no indoor amusements. A good spot for a rest cure.

Hotels,

VARENGEVILLE.

SECOND CLASS.—*Manoir d'Argot.*

MODERATE.—*Abri Champêtre, des Sapins, de la Terrasse et de la Plage, des Bruyeres.*

ST. MARGUERITE.

MODERATE.—*Du Balcon Fleuri, des Étrangers.*

PENSIONS.—*La Sapinière, Le Clos de Caprimont.*

QUIBERVILLE

(9 miles by road from Dieppe.)

MRS. KNOX in Bernard Shaw's *Fanny's First Play* points out that unless you have happiness in yourself no amount of outside help will supply it, and, *vice versa*, if you have happiness within yourself no external disabilities will drive it from you.

If you happen to have this precious gift of

happiness within yourself, you might risk a holiday at Quiberville. Otherwise you will possibly find that a few houses standing back from a dusty road, a wretched beach of shingle and no amusements, do not exactly cause your heart to leap with joy. The only entertainment visible when I was there last was a booth on the beach in which one shot at clay pipes with an ancient rook rifle ! I feel strongly about Quiberville. A person whom I had previously regarded as normally intelligent (in my days of ignorance) recommended me to stay there, and only by the grace of God was I prevented from booking rooms for three weeks at the principal hotel.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*Du Casino* (this name should not mislead you into supposing that a casino exists), *des Bains*.

PENSIONS.—*Coup de Vent, Maryvonne*.

HOUSE AGENT.—Albert Colange.

VEULES-LES-ROSES

(By road from Dieppe, 14 miles, or train from Dieppe to St. Valery-en-Caux, thence 4 miles by road.)

A RAPID little trout stream, with a strong enough current to work water mills, empties itself into the sea between high cliffs, and at the mouth of this stream the little township of Veules-les-Roses has

grown. For so small a place (the population is about 600) it is quite jolly and lively in the season. There is a tiny casino on the front, which is up to date enough to have an American bar. The bathing is passable and there are five tennis courts. The best trout fishing (in May and June) is in private waters, but permission to fish can be got on fairly reasonable terms. Sea fishing is good. The country round about is very pleasant. Hardly any English people ever reach Veules, and prices are very moderate. This is quite a useful spot for family parties.

Hotels.

SECOND CLASS.—*Des Bains et de la Plage.*

MODERATE. — *Des Tourelles, de France, de Normandie, de Rouen.*

PENSIONS.—*Les Pomponnettes, Chalet Normand.*

HOUSE AGENT.—Féron.



CHAPTER VII

St. Valery-en-Caux to Fécamp

(ST. VALERY-EN-CAUX, VEULETTES ET
MALLEVILLE-LES-GRÉS, ST. PIERRE-EN-PORT,
LES GRANDES DALLES,
LES PETITES DALLES, YPORT, FÉCAMP.)

NONE of the resorts on this piece of coast is fortunate enough to have good bathing. The beaches are all of shingle with (in some cases) a little sand at low tide. Generally speaking, the places strike one as fishing ports which have attempted to become seaside resorts and have not quite succeeded. They are not likely to make a great appeal to English holiday makers. In August they are all apt to be crowded with a rather lowly type of French people who do not mix very well with English visitors.

ST. VALERY-EN-CAUX

(By steamer Newhaven—Dieppe, thence 20 miles by rail. See Dieppe for fares.)

PRIMARILY a fishing village, St. Valery stands between cliffs a couple of hundred feet high and

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two long jetties are built out into the bay. The beach is of shingle and not particularly bright or well kept. There is only one hotel on the sea front and the town is rather shabby looking. A small casino offers some attractions in the season, and the fishing for trout in the river Durdent is fair. There are a dozen good tennis courts.

King Henry IV.'s House on the quay is worth looking at. The whole place is far from exciting.

Hotels.

SECOND CLASS.—*Plage de Casino.*

MODERATE.—*De Paris, Rotonde, Henrietier, Rouen.*

PENSIONS.—*Au Bon Accueil, La Vigie, Mon Rêve.*

HOUSE AGENT.—Moulin-Dehais.

VEULETTES ET MALLEVILLE-LES-GRÉS

(By rail from Dieppe to Cany, thence by auto-bus, which meets all trains. 20 miles altogether.)

VEULETTES is a small village at the mouth of a good trout stream (the Durdent). The beach is of shingle, but sand is discovered just under the water and bathing is quite passable. There is rather a primitive attempt at a promenade (made apparently by rolling earth on to a base of shingle) and a small casino.

Tennis and fishing are the principal outdoor amusements.

A quiet family place, almost wholly French.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*De la Plage, des Bains, du Siècle.*
(At Malleville, with its own fishing).—*Le Château.*

HOUSE AGENT.—Lelièvre.

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—At the Hôtel des Bains.

ST. PIERRE-EN-PORT

(Reached in the same way as Veulettes.)

THE township of St. Pierre-en-Port is on high ground surrounded by pleasant woods a mile from the beach. The local tradesmen during the season try to create another little town by transferring half their stock-in-trade to stalls on the beach. This gives the place a rather "trippery" air, but it is too small ever to become like Blackpool or Southend. The bathing is like that on all this coast, fairly good if you don't mind shingle, except at low or very high tide. A small casino on the seashore (a privately-owned affair) provides gambling, dancing and hot sea baths. There are a few tennis courts. Except in August, when it is inclined to be overcrowded, St. Pierre makes a fairly good, cheap, family holiday place.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*Des Terrasses et de la Plage, Chicot, Affagard.*

PENSIONS.—*St. Louis, Geslin, Beauséjour.*

There are numerous chalets to rent on the sea front. Particulars from the Syndicat d'Initiative, chez Madame L. Lefebore.

LES GRANDES DALLES

(9 miles by bus from Fécamp (*q.v.*) Bus runs three times a day during the season.)

THIS is a tiny spot which a Paris syndicate is trying to convert into a seaside resort. It is at present in a very elementary condition. The surroundings are charming and the beach is fairly good, but rather spoilt by rocks at low tide.

The accommodation for visitors is very small.

HOUSE AGENTS.—Baudot, Cocagne.

LES PETITES DALLES

(Train from Dieppe to Cany, thence by bus—only two a day.)

ANOTHER tiny plage of mixed shingle and sand, but rather more developed than Les Grandes Dalles. The bathing is only good at half tide. At low tide the principal sport is looking for crabs, lobsters and shrimps. There are a couple of tennis courts. Very small and quiet—the place for a rest cure.

Hotels.

MODERATE. — *Des Bains, des Pavillons, Clos Normand.*

ST. VALERY-EN-CAUX TO FÉCAMP III

HOUSE AGENT.—Paul Dutot.

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—M. G. Girard, Villa les Hortensias.

YPORT

(By steamer to Havre, thence by train to Froberville, bus from Froberville to Yport, 1½ miles.)

Fares.—See Havre.

YPORT is a pretty little place in a charming wood, but it is impossible to recommend it to those whose idea of a seaside holiday embraces good bathing. This Yport lacks. The beach has too steep an incline, and the presence of rocks makes bathing at anything but high tide positively dangerous.

Apart from this Yport has many attractions. There is good tennis, fine country and a jolly little casino.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*Des Embruns, des Roches Vertes, Langaney-Morisse.*

PENSIONS.—*Les Courlanges, Val St. Michel, La Sirène, La Chenaie.*

HOUSE AGENT.—Paul Dutot.

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE. — M. Monzaugue, aux Galeries Yportaises.

FÉCAMP

(By rail from Dieppe.)

Fares.—See Dieppe.

ALL those who have handled a bottle of Benedictine will probably have vague recollections of the legend inscribed on the label "Après la formule des anciens moines de Fécamp," and, although the old monks no longer pursue their pleasant occupation, the liqueur is still prepared in the town. The church of the old abbey is worth visiting.

As a seaside resort Fécamp can hardly be described as fashionable. A rough idea of the class of a French watering-place can generally be gained from the size of the maximum stake on the odds and evens at boule. At Le Touquet it is 300 frs. At Fécamp it was 25 frs. a couple of years ago.

The town, which is of considerable size, is built in a deep valley running down to the sea, with high cliffs on both sides. The promenade is well built and the principal villas and hotels overlook the sea. The beach is of shingle, and the bathing is only good at half tide. At high tide the slope of the shingle is dangerous, as you are pitched into very deep water in a yard or so.

The casino is on the end of the promenade, overlooking the sea—a fairly large building containing a theatre, cinema and dance place. There is quite good tennis. Fécamp is a typical middle-class

ST. VALERY-EN-CAUX TO FÉCAMP 113

French resort, unlikely to make a strong appeal to English visitors. It is too large for those who like a quiet "rest cure" sort of place, and not lively or fashionable enough for those who like a "towny" resort. The hotels are quite good and reasonable.

Hotels.

MODERATE (in order, roughly, of prices).—*D'Angleterre, des Bains et de Londres, du Grand Cerf, Gauchy, de la Plage, de la Poste, de la Tour.*

PENSIONS.—*Du Casino, Woroquet.*

HOUSE AGENTS.—Paul Bertauld, Floch.



CHAPTER VIII

Étretat to Havre

(ÉTRETAT, HAVRE, ST. ADRESSE,
EXCURSION TO ROUEN.)

ÉTRETAT

(By steamer, Southampton to Havre, thence by train via Les Ifs ; or a motor bus runs in connection with the Southampton boat direct from Havre, 16 miles, during the summer season.)

Fares to Havre.—3rd class return	£4	5	0
3rd rail and 1st steamer	£3	19	6
3rd rail and 2nd steamer	£2	19	6

ÉTRETAT was once a small fishing village. Then Alphonse Karr and Guy de Maupassant started writing about its glories ; Isabey and others started painting them, and, before long, Étretat blossomed out into one of the most fashionable sea-side resorts on the north coast. A good deal of the old fishing village life survives, however, and the fishing boats still come up on the beach and the fishermen

still store their gear in the old upturned hulls—"caloges" as they are called.

The bay of Étretat is wonderfully picturesque, largely because of the giant white cliffs which bound it on both sides. Huge gateways have been bored in them by the action of the sea—the "Porte d'Aval" and the "Manneporte"—and near the former a huge pyramid of rock, the Aiguille, 200 ft. high, rises out of the water. The grottos near these rocks are worth visiting.

The beach is entirely of shingle and the bathing is more suitable for swimmers than for those who treat the sea as a dress parade. The tide does not go out far and there is plenty of water all day. At high tide the slope of the beach is rather too steep for non-swimmers.

The casino is built on the sea front, and has an enclosed garden or terrace on which it is pleasant to take one's cocktail or tea. The building is large and up to date, and provides a theatre, music hall, dancing and gambling. The dancing is right on top of the boulevards, so that you have to play in a positive whirlpool of noise, which puts you right off your game and is worth an extra point off the odds to the bank.

The golf course is within 10 minutes' walk of the casino, has 18 holes, a good club house, and is well kept and laid out. The tennis club has twenty first-rate hard courts, and you can generally be sure of a good game.

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The hotels are first class and rather dear, especially in August. There are plenty of English visitors. Étretat is well worth trying for a summer holiday.

Hotels.

FIRST CLASS.—*De la Plage, La Rotisserie* (otherwise called *Les Golfs Hotels*). *des Roches Blanches*.

SECOND CLASS.—*Hauville, Blanquet, de la Poste, de la Paix*.

MODERATE.—*D'Angleterre, de Normandie, de la Gare*.

PENSIONS.—*Bellevue, l'Eidelweiss*.

HOUSE AGENTS.—Chamberlan, Coquin.

LE HAVRE and ST. ADRESSE

LE HAVRE is a seaport about the same size as Southampton, and the principal passenger port in France. Its only interest from the point of view of this book is that it is one of the ports of entry for holiday traffic from Southampton, and that its suburb, St. Adresse, a mile to the north-west, is a pleasant little bathing resort.

The crossing, Southampton-Havre, is made at night, and good sailors who can sleep easily on a ship will find this route by far the most comfortable of the longer Channel crossings. The boats are large and well equipped. The time is about seven hours,

of which only five can be described as open sea passage.

Trams run out to St. Adresse, which in the summer is crowded with local people. The beach is of mixed shingle and sand and the bathing good.

The casino (formerly the property of Queen Maria Christine of Spain) has a theatre and gaming saloons and a café and dance place. During the season there are tennis, horse races, regattas and fêtes. The place is not much frequented by English folk.

Hotels.

(St. Adresse only, there are dozens at Havre.)

SECOND CLASS.—*Marcia, des Phares.*

MODERATE.—*Beau Séjour.*

Excursion from Havre.

If you stay at St. Adresse a fine excursion can be made in the summer by taking one of the steamers which ply on the Seine from Havre to Rouen. (Incidentally they are the old Thames penny steamers, which were bought up when they ceased to run in London.) The scenery all down the river is wonderful, and the trip is worth while even if you do not get off at Rouen.

But if you can stay a night at Rouen it is well worth the time spent.

There is enough architecture in Rouen to make

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half a dozen towns interesting enough to be visited, if it could be parcelled out amongst them.

The town is beautifully situated on either side of the River Seine, which is about as wide here as is the Thames at Waterloo Bridge. The modern part of the town is busy and the wide streets are full of life and bustle, but out of them in every direction run narrow side-streets which seem to have been little disturbed since the fifteenth century.

The whole town is dominated by the huge church of St. Ouen, with its crowned tower and by the lovely Gothic cathedral.

The tower of the great clock should also be seen and the old market-place where Joan of Arc was burnt alive—the English aiding and abetting. There is a commemorative tablet on the theatre on one side of the place. In the Place de la Pucelle is a fountain and statue of the girl saint.

Hotels.

ROUEN.

FIRST CLASS (town type, not quite the same thing as our first class at watering-places).—*De la Poste, de France* (the lunch here at 15 frs. is a marvel), *d'Angleterre*.

SECOND CLASS.—*De Dieppe, du Nord, de Paris, Barrette*.

MODERATE.—*Moderne, de Lisieux, du Départ*.

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—Place des Arts.



CHAPTER IX

Calvados

(DEAUVILLE, TROUVILLE, VILLERVILLE,
BLONVILLE, VILLERS, HOULGATE, CABOURG,
LISIEUX.)

DEAUVILLE

(In the summer by steamer from Southampton to Caën,
and thence by rail.)

Fares.—See Caën. The rail fare from Caën is 25 francs,
first class.

ALL that money can do to make a piece of flat country and a fine sandy beach into an attractive watering-place has been done at Deauville. It is essentially a "made" resort. No steady growth from a fishing village, with beautiful natural surroundings, is here. Dr. Oliffe and the Duc de Morny said, "Let there be a fashionable watering-place," and there *was* a fashionable watering-place. Anybody who likes to commune with Nature on his holidays will find precious little of her left at Deauville.

But anyone who is content with the best artificial pleasures that money and society seem capable of producing will find Deauville everything he can desire.

Not that Nature, with suitable management by man, is not called in to help the general effect. Deauville advertises itself as "La Plage Fleurie," and certainly lives up to its name. Flowers are everywhere along the front. The sea is bordered by beautiful formal gardens, and even the lamp-posts have pots of flowers hanging from them.

Of the society of Deauville it is perhaps hardly necessary to speak. The high lights of the "monde" and "demi-monde" are always there. If you are a fashionable actress, a noted gambler or race-horse owner, a notorious *divorcée*, or merely a social beauty, you are bound at some time or another to put in an appearance at Deauville.

The shops of the Rue de la Paix and Bond Street do their best to make its women attractive, and its casino and beach vie with those of Biarritz and the Lido in exclusiveness and prodigality.

In the high season—August—the prices of rooms in the fashionable establishments are fantastic. A bedroom is about as expensive for a night as a ringside seat at a heavyweight championship boxing match.

And is there enough to justify such expenditure? Perhaps. Let us consider "out of doors" first.

The sands and bathing are wonderful. A bathing establishment, built in imitation of the famous Roman Baths discovered at Pompeii, provides hundreds of cabins luxuriously fitted. There is nothing like this anywhere else in France, and, although it may appear to most people to take some of the rough zest out of a sea bathe, there is no denying the comfort of it. Incidentally, of course, it costs rather more than going down from your hotel in a mackintosh or bath robe!

The tennis club is one of the best on the coast, and the tournaments are international affairs with the very finest players appearing.

Two golf courses, one of 18 holes and a special one of 9 holes for ladies, are excellently laid out and equipped.

The polo at Deauville is famous. The ground is in the centre of the Champ de Courses and matches between the world's most famous clubs are arranged in the season. Some idea of the size of the club may be gathered from the fact that there are boxes for 150 ponies. When there is no polo match gymkhanas are run and excellent garden fêtes for children.

The fashionable crowd at the polo is often more interesting than the game.

During the brief season there are thirteen days devoted to horse racing and the prizes are high enough to ensure good entries, both of English and French

horses. These meetings are as famous for fashion parades as Longchamps or Auteuil.

There is pigeon shooting for barbarians and yachting for those who can afford it. The harbour at Trouville is deep enough for use at any state of the tide.

Deauville is the place *par excellence* for those who desire to loll about and join in the chatter of a fashionable crowd at cafés and bars. The aperatif hour at La Potinière, under the shady trees, is one of the most pleasing social functions in the world.

For indoor amusements you have, first, what is probably the finest casino in the world. It faces the beach and is fronted by flower gardens. Its opera house offers the best of French and Italian singers and actors in grand and comic opera. Its concert rooms provide symphonic music every afternoon. You can witness (or join in, as you feel disposed) the highest gambling at baccara anywhere in France.

If there is any better dancing in France than is to be had at the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs, with its wonderful floor and three tip-top bands, I have yet to find it. Even if your pocket will not run to the evening dance, the tea dance is not unreasonable for such an establishment.

For those who like a large fashionable resort Deauville is unbeatable.

Hotels.

DE LUXE.—*Normandy, Royal.*

FIRST CLASS.—*Splendid, Pavillon Fleuri, du Phare, de la Terrasse.*

SECOND CLASS. — *Beauséjour, Continental, La Jouvence, Lion d'Or.*

MODERATE.—*Bellevue, Deauville Hotel, Primavera.*

PENSIONS.—*La Joyeuse, Novissima, Novelty, des Dunes.*

HOUSE AGENTS. — Vital, rue Albert - Fracasse ; Lalonde, rue Mirabeau.

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—On the sea front.

TROUVILLE

(Route as for Deauville.)

UNLIKE Deauville, Trouville has gradually risen from the status of a fishing village to that of a fashionable watering - place. Its nose has been put badly out of joint, however, in recent years by its more elegant neighbour.

Trouville is separated from Deauville by the river Touques, and, compared with the straight streets of the newer resort, which cross at right angles like those in American towns, it is straggling and somewhat disordered in appearance. There is also a considerable part of the town by the harbour which is dirty and unpleasant.

Above the beach, however, the town rises rapidly and there are many fine villas set on wooded slopes.

The main beach is of fine sand and is confined by the famous Chemin des Planches (or plank-promenade), a mile long, which forms the fashionable parade. The bathing is excellent, and the crowd on the beach in the morning jolly and amusing.

Prices in Trouville are lower than those in Deauville, and it is near enough for you to enjoy all the Deauville amusements. Do not attempt, however, to go to either of the two places in August without booking rooms. They are often unobtainable at any price.

Trouville has its own tennis club, but you must use the Deauville golf courses. The casino of Trouville is a large, fine building, situated at the entrance to the harbour.

The theatre is decidedly good—Parisian companies are always engaged. The gaming is interesting, but on a smaller scale than at Deauville. The fêtes and balls are well organised and very popular. One is bound, however, to confess a feeling of luke-warmness for Trouville after Deauville, and, if money is not a prime consideration, I should always recommend staying at the latter.

Hotels.

DE LUXE.—*Palace, des Roches Noires.*

FIRST CLASS.—*Bellevue.*

SECOND CLASS.—*Du Helder, Select, de la Plage, Tivoli, Bras d'Or, du Louvre, Maison Normande, de France, de Paris.*

MODERATE.—*Florida, des Dunes, de Bourgogne, Windsor.*

PENSIONS.—*Villa Georgette, Lili Florentine, Les Charmettes, Villa Simone, Les Sorbiers.*

HOUSE AGENTS.—Agence Jeanneau, Desmoulins, Agence du Littoral.

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—Au Casino Municipal.

VILLERVILLE

(3 miles by omnibus from Trouville.)

THIS little bathing-place is near enough to Deauville to enable visitors to go there for amusements. Not that amusement is wholly lacking in Villerville itself. There is a tiny casino with gaming and dancing. The walk through the woods to Deauville is very pleasant.

The beach here is of fine, hard sand, and the bathing excellent; but there is little else to do. The town is built on a cliff, cut in two at the bathing beach.

For a family party it is ideal. The children can be left there to play in safety while the grown-ups seek the more exciting life of Trouville and Deauville.

Hotels.

SECOND CLASS.—*Des Parisiens.*

MODERATE.—*Continental, de la Plage, Champêtre.*

HOUSE AGENT.—A. Marie.

BLONVILLE-BENERVILLE

A MILE or so to the west of Deauville. This is another little spot where you can stay within easy reach of the gaiety of Deauville, if the prices and noise of the latter frighten you. It has been formed by the junction of two villages. Blonville is about a mile from the beach, but the seaside part of it is quite self-contained.

The bathing is excellent, there is a wonderful stretch of sand, and the tennis club is quite decent. There is no casino and you must rely on Deauville for your amusements, though the bigger hotels run dances, etc.

This is an excellent quiet family place with an unusually good choice of hotels for so small a spot.

Hotels.

SECOND CLASS.—*Grand.*

MODERATE.—*Normandy, Neptune, de la Plage, Beau Site.*

PENSIONS.—*Nos Vacances.*

HOUSE AGENTS.—Hoinville, Bonn.

VILLERS

(About 3 miles west of Deauville.)

THIS is a decidedly good little resort. It has enough amusements and resorts in itself to be sufficiently lively and interesting for a family party, and is at the same time near enough to enable visitors to enjoy all the distractions of Deauville. A long, clean front with a made-up promenade, lined with hotels and villas, overlooks a fine stretch of level sand. The bathing is of the best, except at extreme low tide, and the beach ideal for children.

There is a small but adequate casino on the front with a good dance hall, a small theatre and gaming saloons. There are several tennis clubs. The hotels are quite good and moderate. The first three weeks in August are very crowded, and no visit should be made without first securing rooms. The visitors are mainly French of a rather pleasant, good-class family type.

For those who like a moderate-sized resort this should present undeniable attractions.

Hotels.

ALMOST FIRST CLASS.—*Normandy et des Pavillons, de Paris et de la Plage, Regina.*

MODERATE. — *De France, du Grand Balcon, Calvados, Williams, Henry III., des Herbages.*

PENSIONS.—*Brise de Mer, Villa Thérèse, "My Dream."*

HOUSE AGENTS.—Bunel, Duprez.

HOULGATE

(About 8 miles west of Deauville. Reached during the summer by rail from Caën, in the same way as all the resorts in this group.)

HOULGATE manages to be fashionable without sacrificing its position as a family resort. Its beach has the advantage of a backing of wooded country, which affords pleasant shade, in pleasing contrast to some of the bare, entirely artificial promenades which provide no shelter from the sun.

The beach is the usual one in this region—that is, fine sand and plenty of it. Bathing is excellent, except at extreme low tide.

There is tennis (ten courts at the “Sporting Club”) of first-rate variety, and one of the few bowling greens to be found at seaside resorts in France. A bus service runs to the golf course at Cabourg, a couple of miles away.

The casino is an elegant little building with a theatre and gaming rooms. The dances here are extremely jolly and well run.

Houlgate is certainly a place to add to your list of “probables.”

Hotels.

FIRST CLASS.—*Grand.*

ALMOST FIRST CLASS.—*Royal, Imbert, du Casino.*

MODERATE.—*Du Paris, de la Mer, des Fleurs.*

PENSIONS.—*Villa St. Remy, Villa Paula, Les Glycines.*

HOUSE AGENT.—*Vimard.*

CABOURG

(2½ miles from Houlgate.)

CABOURG is beginning to compete with Deauville in fashionableness ; but it has still a long way to go before it is on a level.

It has, however, every chance of ultimately succeeding. The town is entirely modern and is clean and artistic. Most of the main roads are beautiful avenues. There is an attractive promenade (the Boulevard des Anglais) overlooking a beach of excellent sand, four miles long. Bathing is as nearly perfect as possible, except at extreme low water.

The golf course is quite near the seashore—a modern course of 18 holes ; and there is ample provision for tennis.

The casino, right on the sea front, is one of the most fashionable on this coast. Its theatre, concerts and dances are all admirable. The crowd is definitely “ select ” and prices tend to be dear ; though not nearly as dear as those at Deauville.

Up to date, the visitors are predominantly French, but Cabourg is becoming known to more English people every year.

It is certainly one of the best of the smaller resorts in France.

Hotels.

DE LUXE.—*Grand.*

FIRST CLASS.—*Des Ducs de Normandie.*

SECOND CLASS.—*Du Parc, du Casino.*

MODERATE.—*Du Nord, des Deux Mondes, du Grand Balcon, Malissinet.*

PENSIONS.—*Le Belvédère, Villa Reine Albert.*

HOUSE AGENTS.—Bacheley, Agence Moderne.

Excursion from any of the places in this group.

LISIEUX

(About 20 miles by rail from Trouville.)

LISIEUX has of late years become famous owing to the beatification in 1923 of St. Thérèse, a very popular saint amongst the Roman Catholic community, known universally as "the little flower."

Thousands of pilgrims now visit her shrine annually.

Apart from this, however, Lisieux is one of the most delightful old towns in Normandy. It has a wonderful Gothic cathedral, a fine old Palais de Justice and Museum, and many old houses of extraordinary beauty and historical interest. Some of the finest of the houses are in the Rue aux Fevres, the Rue des Boucheries and the Grande Rue.

You do not require to be an antiquarian to be charmed with such a town as this, and a visit is certainly to be highly recommended.

Autocars run daily from most of the seaside resorts named in this group.

The Syndicat d'Initiative, Boulevard St. Anne, will send fuller information if you desire it.



CHAPTER X

Calvados (*continued*)

(ARROMANCHES, ASNELLES, BERNIÈRES-SUR-MER, COURSUELLES-SUR-MER, GRANDCAMP-LES-BAINS, LUC-SUR-MER, LANGRUNE, ST. AUBIN-SUR-MER, PORT-EN-BASSIN, RIVA BELLA, OUISTREHAM, VER-SUR-MER, CAËN, BAYEUX.)

THE River Orne, leading to Caën, seems to divide the fashionable Calvados, with its high lights of Deauville, Trouville and Cabourg from unfashionable Calvados, with its host of small, unpretentious and, in many cases, mean, little watering-places. The division is both natural and artificial, for the wonderful sandy beaches hitherto encountered give place to mixtures of coarse sand and rock and the coast assumes a savage, untamed air, which would hardly fit in with the dress parades and the general life of a de luxe resort.

In fact, the whole of this stretch of coast bears the same relation to the piece from Deauville to Cabourg as Calvados brandy bears to Cognac.

And if you have tasted Calvados brandy, no more need be said. And if you have not—well, don't. I remember my first experience of it. We were sitting in the garden of an hotel at Arromanches, after dinner on the day of our arrival, and called for two brandies and soda. The waiter produced two largish tumblers and, much to our astonishment, instead of pouring in the usual inch or inch and a half of spirit, half filled the glasses. We looked furtively at each other thinking that we had reached a paradise of cheapness, as the price for brandy on the card was small, even for an ordinary nip. We added soda and with a "Happy days" my companion took a drink. He put the glass down as if he had been suddenly stabbed in the back and gave a gasp. "Try it," he said, when he had recovered his breath. I did.

We called the waiter and explained that we had ordered brandy. He said he had served us with brandy. We begged leave to doubt it, and he produced the bottle. It bore the magic word "Calvados," and then we understood. When his back was turned we poured the liquid into a flower-bed—I suppose all the plants died next day—and produced our emergency ration of Martell's from a pocket-flask.

All these resorts are small, and although at places good bathing is to be had, and there are one or two pleasant little casinos and many adequate hotels,

the district is not one which I should recommend to English travellers. Perhaps the best way to spend a holiday there would be to choose one of the seaside places near the mouth of the Orne and make it a centre for visiting the Orne Valley, and the towns of Caën and Bayeux. The district has two distinct advantages, however. One, it is not overrun by English visitors, and, two, it is distinctly cheap.

ARROMANCHES

(Via direct steamer [in the summer only] to Caën from Southampton, thence by train to Bayeux, and the remaining 6 miles by steam tramway to Arromanches.)

(For fares and alternative routes see Caën.)

IMAGINE a straggling little village street with a few houses and a general shop all contained in a valley at the head of a small bay, between high cliffs. The small reach of seashore is backed by a stone wall, some of which has been knocked down by the winter gales. The beach itself is of fairly good sand, but rocks of all sorts and sizes abound. There are no bathing huts or cabins. The principal hotel—a good deal better than one would expect in so small a place—has a garden running down to the sea wall, and if, in the evening, you hear a bell ringing continuously for an hour or so, you will know that the cinema (in a sort of barn attached to the garden) is trying to attract an audience.

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When I was last there it failed signally, and the few who had ventured inside and had endured the purgatory of waiting, with the sound of the never-ceasing bell in their ears, for over an hour, had their money returned.

There are three public tennis courts. The principal amusement seems to be fishing for crabs or shrimps.

Altogether this is a place one might easily get tired of.

Hotels.

GOOD AND MODERATE.—*Normandy, Grand.*

PENSIONS.—*L'Oasis, de la Marine.*

ASNELLES

(7½ miles from Bayeux by rail.)

GOOD sand. Bathing only at half-tide. Population 287.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*Des Bains et des Terrasses, du Bec Fin.*

PENSION.—*Vassor.*

BERNIÈRES-SUR-MER

(18 miles by rail from Caën.)

A SMALL place with no special features. Beach of sand mixed with rock ; bathing only at high tide.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*Belle-Plage, Grave.*

COURSUELLES-SUR-MER

(20 miles by rail from Caën.)

PROBABLY the best thing about Coursuelles is its oyster beds, and if you can get over the English custom of refraining from oysters in the months which are "r" less, you will find them very good and cheap.

The bathing here is only fairly good at high tide, and no good at any other tide. Fishing and rough shooting are the principal sports.

Strangely enough for so small a spot there are fifteen quite good tennis courts. No indoor amusements.

Hotels.

MODERATE TO CHEAP.—*Adam Chedville, de Paris, Normandy, de la Marine.*

HOUSE AGENT.—Thouin.

GRANDCAMP-LES-BAINS

(By rail from Caën to Isigny, thence by tram.)

THIS is a place with a couple of thousand inhabitants, rather more lively than most in the group. The beach of sand bordered with shingle affords average bathing and fair tennis can be had. The casino is pretty good and gaming and dancing are available. Not too bad a place for a family party, and cheap.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*de Grandcamp, du Cheval Blanc.*

HOUSE AGENT.—Desall.

LUC-SUR-MER and LANGRUNE

(15 miles by rail from Caën.)

THE bathing at Luc is good at most states of the tide. The village is some little way from the beach, a pretty avenue leading to the sea. There is a small casino, some tennis and plenty of fishing. Langrune is a mile along the coast from Luc and is very similar. It has half a dozen tennis courts, and you can walk into Luc to go to the casino there in the evening. Quiet, cheap, rest-cure places.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*Grand, Normandy, Belle Plage, Soleil Levant, Beau Rivage.*

PENSIONS.—*Beau Site.*

HOUSE AGENT.—Bégon.

ST. AUBIN-SUR-MER

(17 miles by rail from Caën.)

THERE is a mile of moderately good sand and shingle beach here, backed by an esplanade with villas overlooking the sea. You can bathe from your own house and don't need to worry about bathing cabins.

An entirely up-to-date little casino was built two summers ago and there are abundant amusements. A small symphonic orchestra plays daily. The dancing, with small cabaret shows on special nights, is quite cheery and everything is very free and easy. The tennis club has six gravel courts.

Hotels.

SECOND CLASS.—*Clos Normand.*

MODERATE.—*Normandie, St. Aubin, Beauséjour.*

PENSIONS.—*Du Castel, Perret.*

HOUSE AGENTS.—Godard, Simonot.

PORT-EN-BASSIN

(By steam tramway from Bayeux.)

MORE a fishing village than a seaside resort, though some attempt is being made to attract visitors. Bathing at high tide only. Not recommended.

RIVA BELLA and OUISTREHAM

THE steamer to Caën stops at Ouistreham, which is at the head of the Caën canal, and less than a mile along the coast is Bella Riva, which has by far the best beach in all this collection of places. The bathing is good nearly at all times, though at low tide there is a considerable walk before the sea is

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reached. There is a small casino with theatre, dancing and gambling and six tennis courts.

With its position at the head of the canal to Caën and its consequent accessibility to all the district this is probably the best of the bunch.

Hotels.

RIVA BELLA.

MODERATE.—*Du Chalet, de la Terrasse, de l'Univers, de l'Ermitage, de la Plage.*

PENSIONS.—*Bon Accueil, Villa Emilienne.*

HOUSE AGENTS.—Provot, Agence Moderne.

VER-SUR-MER

(By train from Caën, 14 miles.)

A RATHER pretty little village, but the sea goes out for miles at low tide and, incidentally, enables you to walk out to the Calvados rocks from which the region takes its name. Unless shrimping interests you I don't know how you would pass the time pleasantly.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*Tamaris, des Arts, du Phare.*

It may be doubted whether even the above brief descriptions of these places are necessary or desirable, but I have found that such resorts are frequently mentioned as being fabulously cheap and

charming by people who have heard of somebody, who knows somebody else, who has a friend who has been there, and it is as well to have them indexed and to let people know somewhat the sort of place they are letting themselves in for, if they go.

They are certainly all reasonable in price, and I am willing to admit that, given a jolly party, good weather and good luck with rooms, a happy holiday might be passed in them. But the same thing can be said of dozens of out of the way little places in England and Wales, and one hesitates to recommend them on their intrinsic merits.

CAËN

Fares.—1st class return	£4 10 11
3rd class rail and 1st class steamer, return	£4 5 8

THE steamers from Southampton to Caën direct run from the beginning of June to the end of September, twice a week each way, and in the height of the season, July to middle of September, three times a week. These dates are approximate, and enquiry should be made at Waterloo Station (S.R.) for the actual days of sailing. At other times of the year the crossing can be made to Havre from Southampton and a French boat, picked up at Havre, will take you on to Caën.

At whatever seaside place you stay in Calvados

you should make a point of visiting Caën and Bayeux.

William the Conqueror first made Caën important by building two abbeys—the Abbey aux Hommes and the Abbey aux Dames—and these two still stand, with a great deal of the original buildings intact. The streets in the old part of the town contain many houses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, finely preserved, while the more modern part of the town is laid out in wide promenades.

The walks along the canal bank towards the sea and along the valley of the River Orne are delightful.

The town is a good and inexpensive shopping centre, which does not ask fancy prices from visitors.

The Syndicat d'Initiative will send details of Caën as a tourist centre. Address : 79 Rue St. Jean.

BAYEUX

(By rail from Caën, 25 miles.)

I SUPPOSE nobody has ever succeeded in passing through even the most niggardly education without hearing of the Bayeux Tapestry. Like white grapes, which are a yellowish green, and black men, who are brown, the Bayeux Tapestry is not a tapestry. It is a stretch of linen about 18 inches wide and over 200 feet long, embroidered in coloured wool. It is exhibited in glass cases in a house opposite the

cathedral. The scenes are in some respects extraordinarily well executed, not the least interesting part being the tiny figures on the borders of the main pictures, which show, in places, that Queen Matilda and her lady assistants did not mind admitting a very frank and full acquaintance with male anatomy. The specimens of Norman lace work housed in the same building are worth inspection.

The cathedral is twelfth-century Gothic and there are many interesting old houses.

If you are very keen on old buildings and want to do the place thoroughly the Syndicat d'Initiative, Impasse Prud'Homme, will give you the addresses of all the houses of note.

The whole place has a sleepy air very much like the calm of an English cathedral close.



CHAPTER XI

The Cherbourg Peninsula

(CHERBOURG, QUINÉVILLE, ST. VAAST-LA-HOUGUE, CARTERET, BARNEVILLE.)

THE Cherbourg peninsula is not a very happy hunting ground for the seaside holiday makers. There is no resort of real importance.

CHERBOURG

(By ocean liners, direct, Southampton—Cherbourg. Fare £3 single. This is an extraordinarily good method of crossing, as not only is the passage speedy and comfortable—the great steamers are steady as a rock in the ordinary Channel sea—but an interesting opportunity of looking over a large vessel is afforded. Don't become so interested, however, in its inward parts as to miss the warning signal at Cherbourg. The fare is comparatively dear, but, especially for bad sailors, the extra expense is justifiable.

Alternatively by steamer to Caën (*q.v.*), and thence by rail, 75 miles.)

Fares from Caën.—1st class, 59 frs. ; 2nd class, 40 frs.

CHERBOURG is a great naval port and is only interesting for its docks. It is hardly a seaside resort

in any real sense of the word, though there is a sandy beach to the east of the dock where your steamer arrives, and a casino. If you *do* go there for a summer holiday you will probably wish to stay at the Grand Hôtel du Casino, which adjoins the beach and casino. A list of hotels would hardly be very useful, as so many of them are in the town and are of the commercial variety, although few of them would, naturally, be prepared to admit that they did not amply meet the needs of the summer visitors.

The Syndicat d'Initiative, 15 Rue-François-la-Vielle, will send a full list.

QUINÉVILLE

(From Cherbourg by rail via Barfleur or from Caën.)

FROM Caën it is a wretched journey. The train crawls along via Bayeux to Neuilly and Carenton and then to Montebourg, where you change for Lestré, which is the nearest station to Quinéville. If you think miles of fair to moderate beach, with bathing at high tide only, is worth this journey, pray take it. There is nothing else there.

ST. VAAST-LA-HOUGUE

(6 miles from Quinéville.)

THIS is a popular seaside resort for Cherbourg people. The only interest it would be likely to have for the English is that it was the site of the famous

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Battle of La Hougue in 1692. When I was there myself I had a good look at the roadstead where this battle was fought, but did not see anything very exciting in it. Perhaps the water has been changed since then.

CARTERET

(On the north side of the Peninsula. By rail from Cherbourg or from Caën.)

THIS little place is known to a good many English people who have stayed in Jersey and taken the popular sea trip across to Carteret.

It is situated at the mouth of a small river and is protected from the north-west winds by cliffs. The beach is of fine sand, but bathing is only good for a few hours a day at half tide. There is no casino, but a *salle-des-fêtes* endeavours to make good the deficiency.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*De la Mer, d'Angleterre, de la Marine.*

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—Place de la Gare, Carteret (Manche).

BARNEVILLE

ON the opposite side of the river from Carteret. The beach and bathing are very good. The receding water discovers many rocks round which crabs and

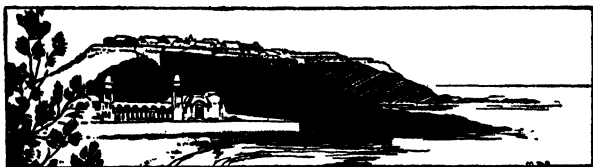
lobsters can be caught. There are no indoor amusements.

Hotels.

SECOND CLASS.—*Bellevue.*

MODERATE.—*Moderne, Normandy, de Paris et de la Poste, de la Plage.*

HOUSE AGENT.—Renault.



CHAPTER XII

Granville

(GRANVILLE, COUTAINVILLE, DONVILLE-LES-BAINS, ST. PAIR, JOLLOUVILLE, CAROLLES, ST. JEAN-LE-THOMAS, LE MONT ST. MICHEL.)

GRANVILLE

(65 miles by rail from Caën, or by steamer from Jersey.)

Fares from Caën.—1st class	..	59 frs.
2nd „	..	40 frs.

(For fares to Caën, see under that name.)

WE hear a good deal in history lessons about the benefits derived by England from the acts of various foreign invaders, the Romans, the Danes and the Normans. In Granville is a striking instance of a bit of good we have done in France.

The summer holiday part of Granville is a small bay between two great rocks, and the passage between them was cut by English soldiers in the days of the revolution.

If you arrive at Granville by steamer you will imagine that you have come to a dirty little commercial town, but on the other side of the great rock there nestles a small bay, very long and narrow, and beneath the shadow of the rock a fine little casino has been built on the side of the bay. The local people advertise it as the "Monaco of the North," and it does bear some resemblance to the promontory on which that little principality has its seat of government.

Opposite the casino is the only big hotel in the place—a very good one—and the bathing boxes are underneath it. The beach is of sand and the bathing at high tide is good. At low tide—especially at spring tides—the sea goes out so far that it can only be seen with field glasses! Granville is as famous for its sunsets as Oban. If you stay at the Normandy Hotel and are content with lounging on the beach and gaming or dancing in the casino at night, Granville will supply you with a pleasant holiday. The casino is distinctly good. A fine terrace overlooks the sea, and it is exceedingly pleasant to take tea there while the band plays. In the evening there is dancing and a cinema. The disadvantage of the place is that you have to climb up to the top of the cliffs every time you wish to move from the very limited beach.

There is a golf course of 18 holes—not very good—and a tennis club on the top of the cliff

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with half a dozen good courts. A great attraction for certain people is the fishing in the Iles de Causey, which are reached by steamer from Granville—about 9 miles, and the largest island of the group is a great place for picnics.

Altogether there are much worse places than Granville, and a good holiday can be spent there.

Hotels.

FIRST CLASS.—*Normandy.*

GOOD.—*Grand, Houlegatte.*

MODERATE.—*Nord et des Trois Couronnes, des Bains, Normandy - Chaumière, d'Angleterre, des Gourmets, de la Plage.*

HOUSE AGENTS.—Dardonne, Robardy.

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE. — 10 Rue Couraye, Granville (Manche).

COUTAINVILLE

(By rail from Caën to Coutances, thence by steam tramway, 7 miles, or from Granville via Folligny and Coutances.)

A LITTLE bathing-place with sandy beach. The tide goes out for miles. A small casino with gaming and dancing in the season.

If you stay here make a point of going to see the fine cathedral at Coutances.

Hotels.

SECOND CLASS.—*Beau Rivage.*

MODERATE.—*De la Gare, de la Plage, de Grand Tourville.*

HOUSE AGENT.—Bihoré.

DONVILLE-LES-BAINS

THIS village is connected with Granville by a steam tramway (about a mile) and the bathing is better than at Granville. So if you like quietness and don't mind going into Granville for your amusements, you will find living here cheaper and better than at the larger resort.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*Grand Hotel de la Plage et du Golf, Family Hotel, Gauchet.*

PENSIONS.—*St. Michel, Les Platanes.*

ST. PAIR

(2 miles from Granville by steam tramway.)

The remarks about Donville apply equally to St. Pair.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*Grand, des Bains, de France, St. Stanilas.*

PENSIONS.—*Beau Soleil, St. Louis.*

JOLLOUVILLE, CAROLLES, ST. JEAN-LE-THOMAS

THESE three places are all south of Granville in the order named, and are connected with it by steam tramway.

The farthest is 10 miles away. The bathing at all of them is good at high tide only. They have all less than 500 inhabitants, and are quiet, family bathing stations. Carolles is the best and has a little casino and fair tennis. The Hôtel du Casino is on the sea front, the other two are in the town.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—Jollouville: *Chevalier, du Casino, de Paris*. Carolles: *du Casino, des Bains, Benit*. St. Jean: *Grand Auberge, Dubois, Lelaizant*.

LE MONT ST. MICHEL

(By motor coach from every seaside resort between Granville and Dinard. From England, via Southampton—St. Malo, and thence by train to Pontorson and by steam tramway to the Mont.)

I SUPPOSE Mont St. Michel is as well known to most people by picture and story as the Pyramids, and the first thought of the reader as he sees the chapter heading will probably be "Lord, more chatter about Mont St. Michel!"

But a book about the seaside in France would be

as incomplete without such a chapter as would a description of Rome with no mention of St. Peter's, or a guide to London without a hint of the existence of Westminster Abbey.

It is not proposed, however, to go into the history of the abbey and its numerous vicissitudes at any length, but merely to describe it as it strikes the holiday visitor. And, let it be said straight away, that if you are anywhere in the vicinity the excursion must be made. However much you have read of it, however many photographs, paintings and drawings you may have seen, you will still find it wonderful. It is one of the few sights in the world which can hardly fail to be of exciting interest.

Your visit should be made, if possible, at a time when you can see the tide coming in. The people who run excursions to the Mont placard the time of high tide days in advance. It may be necessary, in order to see the spectacle at its finest, to stay a night on the island, and, if so, it is worth the expense.

Imagine a piece of country and seashore so flat that a molehill would be noticeable upon it, with mile after mile of yellow sands, and in the midst of the sand, connected with the mainland by a strip of earth, a mile long, and wide enough for an ordinary road, a pyramid of rock built over on all sides, surrounded by fortified walls and towers, and at the peak a great abbey with a fine tapering spire rising 400 ft. above the level of the sand. Seven miles

away is the sea. And suddenly, at the turn of the tide, the water rushes over the flat sand at a speed which would outdistance a galloping horse, and surrounds the whole Mont, with the exception of the narrow causeway. The effect of this racing tide, especially if seen under the early morning sun at such favourable times as the spring tides, is unforgettable.

So much for the unique surroundings of the place.

You enter through three gates, and the difficulty of making an opposed entry to the place is very clear, as you pass through this, the only means of access. A finer natural site for a fortress would be hard to find.

The gates once passed, you struggle up a narrow winding street lined with souvenir shops. The crying of the innumerable touts trying to sell anything upon which it is possible to imprint the picture of the place, or endeavouring to get your custom for restaurants "with balcony overlooking the bay," constitutes a nuisance which the French authorities, who run the Mont as an historical monument, should try to abate. There is no need to buy a guide as there is only one street and all the interesting points are clearly marked. When you have climbed about a million steps (or so it will seem if the day be hot) you reach the entrance to the abbey itself, and have to wait until a guide is ready to take you round. No visitors are allowed to wander round guideless.

This is a pity, as, with the best will in the world to be helpful and interesting, the French guides, gabbling a language which few of the English visitors can follow, always seem to hurry over the parts one wishes to inspect and to linger interminably over those which are relatively uninteresting.

The foundations of the abbey, hewn out of solid rock, are amazingly impressive, as are also the cloisters and the bare simplicity of the great chapel. Some of the dungeons which were used in ancient times when the abbey was a fortress are preserved, as is also the great wheel, used for hoisting provisions from boats on the seaward side of the abbey. The sheer drop into the sea at this place is almost frightening.

The whole collection of buildings is delightful, while the views over the sands and sea, especially on a day when there are light clouds about and the alternation of sunshine and shade clothes the flat expanse in ever-changing colours, are marvellous.

If you are going on a day's excursion, it is best to try and arrive early and "do" the abbey first and the remaining churches, houses and the museum on the way down; for the abbey closes at 11 a.m. until 12.30 p.m., and in the afternoon the rush of visitors makes the tour rather trying.

If you are lunching you must try the omelettes at the Hôtel Poulard Aîné, which are world-famous,

and if you are staying the night the hotel will do you very well.

Unless your taste for the picturesque entirely outweighs your desire for bodily comfort do not visit Mont St. Michel on the day before Michaelmas Day, or on the day itself. The crowds of pilgrims would make a good-sized city unreasonably full, and when they are packed on a rock just over half a mile in circumference the result is not unlike an excursion train to Southend on August Bank Holiday.

If you want to know any more about the Mont your library will offer you a selection of a dozen or so elaborate historical treatises upon it, and the Syndicat d'Initiative (Maison de l'Arcade) will supply you with up-to-date information on the commercial aspect.



CHAPTER XIII

Dinard

(DINARD, ST. MALO, PARAMÉ, ROTHENEUF, CANCALE, ST. ENOGAT, ST. LUNAIRE, ST. BRIAC, LANCIEUX, ST. JACUT-DE-LA-MER, ST. CAST, DINAN, FOUGÈRES, RENNES.)

Return Fares.—

1st class rail and steamer	£4 17 7
3rd class rail, 1st class steamer ..	£4 12 8
3rd class rail, 2nd class steamer ..	£3 4 8

DINARD is the only one amongst the seacoast resorts of Northern France which professes to have an all the year round season. The winter season, however, is uncommonly like the North Pole strawberry season, and visitors who appreciate something rather more lively than a small cathedral town on Good Friday or Lord's Cricket Ground on a wet December afternoon will confine their visits to the summer. The season is roughly from June to the end of September, and the high season from the middle of July to the middle of September.

Dinard is less crowded with English folk than the majority of the popular places in Picardy and

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Normandy because of the rather long Channel crossing from Southampton to St. Malo. There are, however, two alternative routes which can be recommended to travellers with susceptible insides and fairly long purses—they both double the fare. One is via Paris, from which an excellent through train, with sleeping cars and restaurant attached, goes twice daily during the summer. The other is by means of one of the great Atlantic liners leaving Southampton and calling at Havre on their way to America. (See note under Havre.) From Havre, with two changes of train, Dinard is easily reached.

But nearly everyone will choose to cross by the ordinary service from Southampton. The boats are good and well equipped, and special trains from Waterloo are run in connection with them. The crossing is always at night, and unless you prefer lying about on deck for ten or eleven hours it is wise to book a berth at Waterloo Station some weeks before travelling. Whatever class you usually take on the train be sure and book first class on the boat. It is worth it every time. If you *must* be sick there is nothing like doing it in comfortable surroundings.

Leaving Waterloo at 5 p.m., you arrive on board the waiting steamer in time for dinner, and soon after eight o'clock the last warning hooter is sounded. In the stillness of the summer's sunset (we will presume that you have been careful enough to

select the sort of summer which admits of sunsets) the voyage down the calm waters of the Solent commences. Soon, as the darkness creeps on, the lights of the yachts riding at anchor shine out and the little towns on the Isle of Wight twinkle at the water's edge.

The lighthouse on the Needles winks a friendly eye until we are well out into the Channel, and those who have berths retire below. Don't let them put the suit case containing your toothbrush and pyjamas down into the hold at Southampton, for not bribes nor the smiles of fair ladies will induce the sailors to fish them out. On the other hand, do not imagine that you can take all your luggage into the tiny cabin which has to hold two berths and their occupants. It is best to have a despatch case with things for the night and let the rest go into the hold.

You will probably toss up to decide who shall have the top berth—the best for obvious reasons—but if you are an old hand you will say to your cabin mate, in a tone of utter conviction: "You are looking a bit green about the gills, old chap; you must have had something that disagreed with you for dinner. I shouldn't be surprised if you are upset when we reach mid-channel. I rather wanted the lower berth myself, but, if you are going to be sick, it will probably suit you better to have it. I'll try the top." In this way, you earn the best

place and his gratitude into the bargain. Of course, if you yourself are feeling the effects of the swell, you had better plump for the bottom, frightening him off it with warnings of the perils of his situation in case . . .

The above formula is not infallible. I tried it last season on a stranger who shared my cabin. He looked at me with a faint smile mingled with pity and produced, without a word, his visiting card. He was a Commander, R.N. ! We tossed for choice of bunks, and I lost.

At whatever hour the boat reaches St. Malo no landing can be made until seven in the morning, when the Customs officers commence their duty.

A howling mob of Breton porters will shout at you from the quay, and it is best to hire one and take his number. This will facilitate your passage through the *douane*, and you will require his services to get the luggage to the *vedette*—a small paddle boat which takes you across the bay to Dinard.

Give the porter about 50 per cent. of his original demand and he will be well paid.

If you intend to stay at Dinard during the high season rooms must be booked in advance. Every class of accommodation is available from the "Grande Luxe" hotel to the boarding-house. A list is given at the end of the chapter.

And now for the place itself.

Imagine a small, deeply-indented bay, almost the

shape of half an ellipse, with rocky promontories on each side covered with trees and greenery and dotted with a few large villas—the white one on the west belonged to a former President of France.

A stretch of fine, firm sand, furnished with gaily-striped bathing tents, runs back to the artificial *digue* or embankment upon which the two casinos and the largest hotel stand. The little town is built on the rising ground between the sea and the railway station, about three quarters of a mile away.

Behind the eastern promontory is the estuary of the River Rance and another beach, la Plage du Prieuré. The bathing on this beach is free, but so is also a liberal supply of river mud, and it should be avoided. Behind the western promontory is the suburb St. Enogat (*q.v.*), and here excellent bathing, away from the fashionable crowd, may be obtained.

The main beach at midday presents an animated spectacle. All the world is in bathing costume and, if the tide is low, improvised tennis courts and croquet lawns are marked out on the firm sands and vigorous games are in progress. The band on the terrace of the High Life Casino is playing for the aperitif hour and impromptu bathing-dress dances are in full swing.

The bathing is as good as any in France. The slope of the beach is gentle, the sand clean and without any admixture of shingle, and the seaweed is carted away after every tide. Even at extreme

low tide it is possible to bathe without walking half way back to England before getting the knees wet. Bathing tents can be hired by the week or month and the bathing machines are adequate in number and cleanliness. A bowl of warm water is supplied to wash the sand out of your toes—a very pleasant attention which might be copied by English resorts.

Bathing costumes and towels are supplied, but the latter ("serviettes" they are called) are considerably smaller than an ordinary table napkin, and, unless you have trained yourself for some weeks beforehand to use a lady's pocket-handkerchief as a bath towel, it would be better to supply your own.

After the bathe the pastry shops, particularly the one in the Boulevard President Wilson opposite the High Life Casino and Baptiste's Potinière, are crowded with visitors drinking apéritifs, sherry or port and making up for the deficiencies of a French breakfast with numbers of fancy pastries. . . . Afterwards to lunch.

If you get tired of the lunch at your hotel a small restaurant in the Grande Rue—just under the archway at the east end of the promenade—called the Chateaubriand should be tried. If "Madame" and her daughter are still in possession one of the most excellent cheap luncheons in France—with homard à l'Americaine as a speciality—can be had here.

There was, a few years ago, another well-known restaurant on the front, but it has since given way

to a jeweller's shop. Here there presided so typical a French restaurateur that I expect he has been captured long ago by Hollywood. Sleek and oily, with multiple chins, a fierce blue-black moustache and a goatee beard, he ruled the waiters with a rod of iron and chastised them with scorpions. The moment anyone entered the place, and before even the most agile waiter could have sprung to attention, his great voice boomed "Alphonse!" or "Georges!" "On attende!"

Each day punctually at 1 p.m. (he held his watch in his hand a minute or two before) he sat at one of his own little tables and went through the table d'hôte.

The food came up in a service lift and we noticed that, when the trembling waiter ordered the patron's soup, instead of the usual "Un potage" he invariably yelled "Potage pour le patron!" One day, suspecting that the patron's sleekness was being fortified by a stronger brew of soup than that supplied to his clients, we tackled Alphonse on the subject.

"Why do you always say 'Potage pour le patron' Alphonse? Is it a different sort from ours?"

He bowed confidentially over our table and, after one fearful glance over his shoulder in the direction of the proprietor, said, in a hoarse whisper:

"We speet in the patron's!"

The shops are good and extremely fashionable.

Small expensive establishments for women's wear and jewellery open for the season and migrate to the Riviera in the winter. If your tastes, or those of your lady friends, run to diamond and platinum watches at 50,000 francs or so you will have no difficulty in satisfying them.

The main amusements in the evening are centred in the two casinos. True there is a picture palace which opens three nights a week and one or two small dance places, but these are relatively of no account. The "High Life" Casino (pronounced by the natives "Hig Lif") is the more fashionable and evening dress (*le tenue du soir*) is obligatory. It provides gaming salons with boule and baccara, a good restaurant and dance floor and a small theatre. The admission fee to the rooms is unusually high, viz. 10 francs on ball nights and 15 francs on theatre nights, but, nevertheless, they are extremely crowded. If you want to try your luck quietly at the tables go to the other casino. The dance floor is good and the band quite adequate. The theatre gives the usual series of operas beloved of French provincial companies, such as Massenet's *Thaïs* and *Werther* and Bizet's *Carmen*, and a comedy is played about once a week.

The other casino, the "Petit" Casino, is owned by the municipality, and is airier and better kept, but, owing to one of those mysterious decrees of Providence which make one side of a street fashionable

and the other not, it never attracts the élite, and the crowd there is usually well mixed with townspeople and residents of the district round about. The admission varies from 3 to 5 francs, and there is dancing and a cinema and, on Sunday evenings, concerts are often given. The standard is about that of an English parish hall, but they are sometimes very amusing to foreigners.

I can well remember the agonies of repressed laughter suffered during the recital by an emphatic young Frenchwoman of a dramatic poem (the French equivalent of "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night") in about two hundred verses. . . .

There are many forms of entertainment possible in the daytime besides bathing and promenading.

Sailing on the River Rance is delightful. The tidal stream, about a mile wide at the mouth, gives a fine stretch of water, but amateurs are advised not to proceed too far out to sea, as the currents amongst the rocks and island of the St. Malo bay are very treacherous.

The Dinard Tennis Club has two grounds, one in the centre of the town (Rue du Tennis) with twelve courts and the other in the Boulevard de la Mer with eleven courts. The former is the fashionable spot and very good play is often to be seen there, particularly at the annual tournament, which is usually held about the middle of August. Short term subscriptions for visitors are obtainable.

The race-course, about two miles out of the town, in the Bois de Thomelin, holds meetings, both flat and steeplechasing, during the high season. They are very pleasant little affairs, and as the winner of each race is invariably settled in the casino the night before, it is often possible to get really good tips if you happen to find anyone in the know.

The golf course (18 holes) is at St. Briac, three miles from Dinard, and is reached by a tramway in about half an hour. This excursion is worth making apart from the golf if only to experience riding on one of the most extraordinary tramways in the world.

Imagine a railway engine of a design somewhat resembling Stephenson's "Rocket," which burns a mixture of the vilest French coal, slack and (apparently) an occasional piece of dynamite, puffing, wheezing, rattling and groaning along the roadway, belching forth great clouds of black smoke and showers of sparks and cinders. To this are attached four cars of prehistoric design, the first class with remnants of leather covering on the seats and the second class with plain, unrelieved, wooden forms. These, at every bend in the road, creak and sway in a positively alarming fashion, and at each stop bang into each other like shunted coal trucks on an English railway. Be sure and sit with your back to the engine and as near as possible to it, otherwise any white clothes you may be wearing

will certainly be black enough to please a Fascist after you have gone a mile.

A trip up the River Rance to Dinan is well worth taking. A fleet of *vedettes* makes regular journeys during the summer, and the river with its steep banks covered with trees down to the water's edge is very delightful. Villagers can be seen fishing with primitive pole nets, the like of which must have been used in the days of the ancient Britons, and if you keep on the right side of the funnel (for the *vedette* gets its coal from the same merchant as the tramway) the trip is extremely pleasant. Arrived at Dinan, one scales streets of the most precipitous and narrow variety anywhere out of dreamland. An hour's walk in Dinan is almost equal in energy used to a day on the treadmill. But it is worth it. When you have got used to the smell of the place, the quaint houses and churches and the market with its live stock, in charge of Breton women in traditional costume make a fascinating study. For further details of Dinan see under that heading.

When you are tired of the town a return to the river should be made. Above the lock at Dinan, which marks the end of the tidal portion of the river, only small craft are allowed to ply. A rowing boat, bringing back memories of the "tree trunk with the middle burnt out" variety pictured in history books, may be hired from one of the water-side inns, and the river winds inland through pleasant

fields and groves of giant poplars and orchards of apples and pears. The owner of a particularly tempting orchard near the second lock has the most amazing vocabulary of French and Breton swear words, and is capable of a sustained effort, without noticeable repetition, outlasting all Billingsgate and Smithfield put together. It is worth stealing a few pears to hear him, and as his only English is "silly pig" the ears of the ladies will not be seriously incommoded.

On several fête days during the season—always on Sundays—a display of fireworks is given. The town is placarded with notices of the "feu d'artifice" days beforehand, and in the afternoon the whole countryside flocks into Dinard. The farm workers and fishermen in their Sunday best, stiff and uncomfortable, and their women in quaint caps of Breton lace, with crowds of children munching the inevitable "petit pain" await the falling of dusk. After dinner the fashionable crowd joins them, and soon the whole bay is illuminated by great cascades of light sent up over the water from the two promontories or from barges in the bay.

It is difficult to imagine anything more charming than the showers of mixed lights from different sources mingling over the still waters and dropping to meet their own reflections. The fireworks should on no account be missed.

Altogether Dinard is a very delightful little spot,

and if you can't be happy there you won't be happy anywhere on the French coast.

Hotels.

DE LUXE.—*Royal.*

FIRST CLASS.—*Grand, Terrasses, Plage et Casino, Windsor, Dinard, Crystal.*

SECOND CLASS. — *Bristol, de la Marjolaine, Provence et Angleterre, Victoria, Montplaisir.*

SMALL HOTELS AND PENSIONS.—*Bellevue, Des Bains, Paix, Eden, Avenir, Les Dunes, Roche-Corneille, Chateaubriand, Edward VII., La Casita.*

HOUSE AGENTS.—Bidel, rue Levasseur ; Boutin, rue Levasseur ; Corrasnon, rue Levasseur ; Derriennie, rue Levasseur ; Legrand, rue Levasseur.

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—Villa Sand-Pit, Dinard.

ST. MALO

(Route and fares as for Dinard.)

ST. MALO is the natural centre for excursions in eastern Brittany and is also a seaside resort of some importance.

The town itself is old and surrounded by high ramparts. It is built on an island connected by a long causeway with the mainland, and an observer on the ramparts looks out over the Bay of St. Malo, which is dotted with many little islands, some green and pleasant-looking and others mere grey lumps

of rock. Several of these can be reached on foot (especially without shoes or stockings) at low tide and the island of "Grand Bey," on which is the tomb of Chateaubriand, can be thus visited.

The sea goes out a tremendous distance and leaves an apparently interminable stretch of sand and rocks.

Unfortunately there is rather too strong a smell about the place for the sensitive noses of most English visitors to endure with equanimity. Apart from this disadvantage the beach offers nothing of the cleanliness and cheerfulness of the beaches at Dinard and Paramé, and though there are scores of cabins for bathers, and, in the height of the season, hundreds of tents on the beach, the interest seems to be too diffused to make for comfort.

The town itself has also more different smells to the square inch than is strictly necessary or desirable, and although there is a certain picturesqueness about it, there are no particular items of interest on which one can dwell. The market is busy and bustling and is worth visiting. The casino is quite good; all the usual attractions are offered: baccara, boule, dancing and a theatre. The place is a fairly satisfactory one for a holiday, but most people will find the presence of the dirty town and also the smells at low tide great drawbacks. It is, however, cheaper than many of the smaller and more fashionable places, and family parties, to whom cost

is a prime consideration, may be able to make themselves comfortable here.

As it is connected with all the resorts in this group either by tram, bus or steamer, it makes an admirable centre for those who prefer variety rather than settling down at one place for the whole stay.

Hotels.

FIRST CLASS.—*Franklin.*

SECOND CLASS.—*De l'Universe, de la Digue, de France et Chateaubriand.*

MODERATE.—*Memphis, du Louvre, du Centre et de la Paix, Regina, Notre Dame des Grèves, de l'Union, de l'Ile de Cezembre, Charpentier-Malicet, de la Cote-d'Emeraude.*

SMALL AND PENSIONS.—*Chuche, de Provence et d'Angleterre, du Rocher de Cancale, Pension Guy, Villa Topaze, Arrivée, Villa Jersey.*

HOUSE AGENTS.—Brouard, Videment, Foubert,

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—Port St. Vincent, St. Malo (I. et V.).

PARAMÉ

(By steam tram from St. Malo.)

PARAMÉ is a complete contrast from its neighbour St. Malo. Instead of the old walls and houses of a fishing port, there are the bright, clean villas and hotels of a newly-created bathing resort and an

altogether different atmosphere pervades the place—both metaphorically and in reality, for the smells have vanished. The sandy beach is contained by a sea wall forming a promenade. There are a good many rocks of the flat variety, but these do not interfere with the bathing, which is extremely good.

Huts and tents are provided for bathers, but most people come down from their hotels ready dressed—or rather undressed—for the sea. Just beyond the limit of the houses it is quite possible to undress on the beach.

Right on the promenade overlooking the sea is a pretty little casino with gaming saloons, a café, dance hall and concert room. There is always something going on here, and 5 o'clock tea is a jolly social function, at which you will see half the British visitors gathered together.

The companies at the little theatre come on here from Dinard, and are often quite good.

Paramé is becoming fairly fashionable, and you want something better than "rough and tumble" clothes for the evening, but in the day flannels and bathing costumes are all that is needed. Good tennis is obtainable, and there is excellent fishing, especially for shell fish.

This is one of the cheeriest little places in Brittany.

Hotels.

FIRST CLASS.—*Grand.*

SECOND CLASS.—*Bristol, de la Paix.*

MODERATE. — *Des Bains de Rochebonne, Ker Alexandra et Colebri, de France, International, Regina, des Bains, Continental, de l'Océan, Duguay-Trouin.*

PENSIONS.—*Du Grand Jardin, Chalet St. Madeleine, Pension Biglot, Pension la Hoguette, Pension L'Orsay.*

HOUSE AGENTS. — Agence Centrale, Lebraton, Lemoine-Lemaître.

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE (open only June 15th to September 15th).—Carrefour Rochebonne, Paramé (I. et V.).

ROTHENEUF

(By bus from Paramé.)

ROTHENEUF is a small seaside place on a long, indented creek the sides of which are beautifully wooded.

There is no artificial parade, the sands sloping up to the grass-covered land on which the hotels and villas are built. The bathing is safe and good and the sea extraordinarily calm, as the bay is nearly land-locked.

For a quiet holiday, within easy reach of the distractions offered by Paramé, Rotheneuf is extremely suitable.

Eastwards along the cliffs will be found some very primitive sculpture done by a retired priest. A shrine and numerous figures of saints and martyrs are carved out of the solid cliff and though they

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have little artistic merit they are interesting enough to repay the walk.

There is a tennis court at the principal hotel. Everybody bathes from the houses, and there are no rules and regulations.

Hotels.

SECOND CLASS.—*Grand Hôtel de la Plage.*

MODERATE.—*Du Centre, Terminus.*

PENSIONS.—*Villa Ker-Yvonne, Boudeville.*

HOUSE AGENT.—Nicolas.

CANCALE

(8 miles from St. Malo by steam tramway.)

CANCALE is famous for two things. First and foremost its oysters, and secondly its linen bleaching. The beach is at times almost hidden by the acres of linen spread out in the sun.

The place is mainly a fishing village, and though it caters in some respects for visitors, it is in no sense a Dinard or a Paramé.

Hotels.

SECOND CLASS.—*Duguesclin.*

MODERATE.—*Du Centre, de l'Europe, Continental.*

PENSION.—*Couturier.*

HOUSE AGENT.—Poidevin.

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—Rue du Centre.

ST. ENOGAT

(See also Dinard.)

ST. ENOGAT is really a part of Dinard, but it has a separate beach round the corner of the promontory which forms the western side of the bay of Dinard.

This beach is not quite so neat or so well looked after as the Dinard beach, and is not in any sense fashionable, but is jolly good for children and the bathing is excellent.

There are no amusements at St. Enogat, but as you can walk into Dinard in a quarter of an hour this is not a serious disadvantage. The houses and hotels are cheaper there and details of the former can be obtained from the Dinard house agents. The Hôtel de la Mer has its own dances, which are very cheery.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*De la Mer, Michelet.*

PENSIONS.—*Le Vieux Manoir, Prince de Galles.*

HOUSE AGENTS.—Latouche, Alix.

ST. LUNAIRE

(Reached by steam tram from Dinard (see description of Dinard). The tram starts just at the head of the lift which brings you up from the *vedettes* from St. Malo.)

ST. LUNAIRE is the next place along the coast from St. Enogat and has a really first-class beach

of wonderful sand, protected by cliffs. The bathing is nearly perfect at half tide and not bad at any tide.

The little town stretches only a short distance inland and the hotels and villas are set out along the sea front without overcrowding.

Bathing boxes are provided in ample numbers—sometimes there is a shortage at Dinard—or you can bathe from your hotel.

There is a good casino attached to the principal hotel, plenty of tennis courts and the golf course of St. Briac is a couple of miles away—the tram goes on to it.

Cheaper than Dinard, it is almost as good.

Hotels.

FIRST CLASS.—*Grand.*

SECOND CLASS.—*Bellevue, d'Angleterre, Golf.*

MODERATE AND PENSIONS.—*Beauséjour, Emeraude Deux Plages, Richemond, Les Lierres, de Paris.*

HOUSE AGENTS.—Jules Boutin, Paul Ratier.

ST. BRIAC

(4 miles by steam tram from Dinard.)

ST. BRIAC is the seat of the Dinard golf course, an 18 hole course of championship standard. Monthly and daily subscriptions can be had.

St. Briac itself consists of a few houses and inns at intervals along the main road some distance

from the sea. There are two beaches—one where bathing is only possible at high tide, and the farther one—about half a mile from the village—where there is excellent bathing at any tide. Apart from bathing, golf and tennis, there are no attractions, and except for golfers who particularly desire to live on top of the course there is not much to recommend it compared with St. Lunaire and Dinard, except that it is considerably cheaper than these.

There is a tennis club with a dozen courts of a rather indifferent kind, though steps were being taken to improve the club last year.

Hotels.

FIRST CLASS.—*Panorama et du Golf.*

SECOND CLASS.—*Golf, du Centre.*

PENSIONS.—*Blanc Castel, La Vedette, Port Hue.*

HOUSE AGENT.—M. Pesnele.

Most of the Dinard House Agents deal also with St. Lunaire and St. Briac property.

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—St. Briac (I. et V.).

LANCIEUX

THIS little place is rather a job to reach, as both routes involve changing and, eventually, a considerable journey by road. From St. Malo it is possible to take the tram to Dinan via Dol or Miniac, and thence to Plancoet. From Plancoet it is seven miles by road. (Fares (to Plancoet):

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First Class return, £5 4s. 1d. ; Second Class return, £3 9s. 6d.)

Alternatively you can cross to Dinard by boat and get a carriage there, and it is about the same distance by road as before.

What you will find after this harassing journey is a little village at the mouth of a river with a sandy beach and decent bathing. It is not much of a place, and is, in my opinion, hardly worth the fag involved in getting there.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*Lancieux, de la Plage.*

ST. JACUT-DE-LA-MER

Fares.—See Lancieux.

(This is another spot which takes a lot of trouble to reach. Proceed to Plancoet as in the case of Lancieux (above) and then by a local railway. Or go by road from Dinard—about 12 miles.)

A VERY quiet little place with fairly good bathing at high tide. Most of the permanent inhabitants are engaged in fishing and agriculture. Only those who like a really quiet holiday in truly rural surroundings should venture here.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*Des Dunes.*

PENSIONS.—*Vieux Moulin, Sablé, Biord-House.*

ST. CAST

ST. CAST is approached by the same tortuous route as St. Jacut and Lancieux—St. Malo to Dinan via Dol or Miniac, thence to Plancoet and from Plancoet by light railway to St. Cast—but it is considerably better worth the trouble of the journey.

The little town—its population is just over 2,000—has delightful surroundings, being backed by beautiful beech woods. The front has a wide road and promenade between the hotels and the foreshore.

The beach is of very fine sand, and though the sea goes out rather a long way at extreme low tide, for most of the day bathing is excellent and safe.

A large park called the Park La Garde—the railway station is also La Garde St. Cast—is another attraction of the place.

Tennis is well provided for and a golf course has just been opened.

You can wander all along the coast for miles each way and find many delightful little bays where pleasant, quiet bathing is to be had, and where the rocks can be used as dressing-rooms.

St. Cast is well worth visiting for those who like a quiet holiday away from the fashionable crowd.

There is no casino.

Hotels.

SECOND CLASS.—*Royal Bellevue.*

MODERATE. — *Av-Vro, Beauséjour, St. Cast, Majestic, de la Marine, de la Mer.*

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SMALL PENSIONS.—*La Tourelle, Bon Accueil, des Bains, Beauregard.*

HOUSE AGENT.—Prevot.

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—Place des Mielles, St. Cast, Côtes du Nord.

Excursions from any of the places in this group.

You will find extensive series of motor coach tours available from nearly all the seaside towns in this group, and out of the welter of places, interesting and uninteresting, the following are certainly worth seeing.

DINAN

THE best-known seaside resorts of Brittany—at all events of eastern and central Brittany—have one thing in common ; they are not distinctively Breton in character. Dinard might be put down bodily in any part of the French coast and no one would find its surroundings incongruous. Except on Sundays, when there is an invasion of country people, some of them in the local costume, there is nothing to show that you are in Brittany. The places in the interior have, however, kept their character despite the annual influx of visitors.

Dinan is Breton to the last stone.

Built on a huge granite cliff rising precipitously out of the River Rance, it retains relics of its former

fortified condition in the town wall and a watch tower.

The old part of the town, which runs up from the river's edge, where you disembark from the steamer from Dinard or St. Malo, is full of ancient houses which nearly meet across the street at the top, as they are built with the old-fashioned projecting top storey. The market-place is equally old-fashioned in character, the farmers' wives wearing costumes and carrying baskets of medieval type. If you are staying for a night do not choose an hotel near the market-place. The rattle of farm carts on cobbled roads at 3 o'clock in the morning is not conducive to sleep.

A day's excursion will probably prove sufficient, however, unless you are a keen archæologist and wish to "do" the old houses, the two churches and the museum at the Château de la Duchesse Anne thoroughly.

The Syndicat d'Initiative, 9 Rue Georges Clemenceau, will send an illustrated guide.

FOUGÈRES and RENNES

- To see these places properly it is advisable to spend the night at Fougères and look at Rennes either going or coming back. The excursion is too much of a rush for one day.

Fougères is well worth the time thus spent. Its

castle is one of the most beautiful in Europe. Its ramparts, its marvellously preserved fortifications, dating from the twelfth century, and the great forest of Fougères, just outside the town, are all of extraordinary interest.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*Des Voyageurs, Moderne.*

Rennes is the largest town in this part of Brittany, and was the capital when Brittany had a separate Parliament. The seventeenth-century House of Parliament, now the Palais de Justice, should be seen, and also the cathedral.



CHAPTER XIV

North-West Brittany—West of Cape Fréhel

(SABLES - D'OR - LES - PINS, ERQUY, LE VAL ANDRÉ, ST. BRIEUC, PAIMPOL, THE ISLAND OF BRÉHAT, PLOUMONAC'H, TREBEURDEN, PRIMEL, MORLAIX, ROSCOFF, LABERVRACH, KERSAINT, PORTSALL, LANDUNVEZ, LE CONQUET, BREST.)

CAPE FRÉHEL makes a convenient point for dividing the well-known central Brittany resorts, which cluster round St. Malo, from the lesser-known spots on the rugged peninsula which reaches out to Finisterre.

This part of Brittany is more suitable for the tourist who wishes to see the interior of the country than for the typical seaside holiday-maker, and the seacoast resorts are very little frequented in general by English people, and will, accordingly, be dealt with briefly. Exceptions to this rule will be noted. As there are no large and important resorts, the plan hitherto adopted of dealing with a region by basing it on its principal resort will be dropped

and the town and villages taken in order going westwards. If any name is omitted the omission is deliberate.

SABLES-D'OR-LES-PINS

(By train, St. Malo to Lamballe, thence by bus.)

Fares to Lamballe—

First return £5 6 7

Second „ £3 11 4

As the rather cumbersome name implies, this resort relies for its attractions on its sandy beach and its pine woods. They are both exceedingly good. The bay is sheltered and the bathing safe.

The place scarcely existed at the end of the war, so all the houses and hotels are brand new. Most of the artificial attractions of the place are in a state of becoming rather than being, and it is dangerous to mention what is and is not there, for new buildings spring up each season.

Up to date, however, there are a nine-hole golf course—not too good—and a half-dozen tennis courts.

One unusual attraction is “winter” sports—ski-ing and lugging—on the slopes of a great sand dune. This is really fine fun, especially for the children.

Hotels.

· MODERATE.—*Des Ajoncs d'Or, des Dunes d'Arvor, des Arcades, de Diane.*

VILLAS.—Apply to Syndicat d'Initiative.

ERQUY

(By rail from St. Malo to Lamballe, thence by light railway. 13 miles.)

Fares.—See Sables-d'Or-les-Pins.

ERQUY, a fair-sized town, has three distinct beaches, of which that known as the Plage de Carroual is the best. This is a fine piece of sand—the others are of shingle. The bathing is first rate. This and tennis—two sets of courts, one near the beach and the other in the town—constitute the only attractions. There is no casino. The hotels are good and moderate in price, and the surrounding country interesting.

Hotels.

SECOND CLASS.—*Des Terrasses.*

MODERATE.—*Beauregard, des Bains, de France, de la Plage.*

PENSIONS.—*Ker Aline, Emeraude.*

HOUSE AGENT.—Vetier.

LE VAL ANDRÉ

(By rail from St. Malo to Lamballe, and thence, 10 miles, by local railway.)

For fares to Lamballe, see Sables-d'Or-les-Pins.

THERE is a mile of almost perfect sand in the bay of Val André and the bathing is excellent. The bay faces south and is wonderfully well protected

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from cold winds, so that tamaris, cactus and palms grow out in the open.

In the middle of the promenade is a good little casino in which concerts, cinema and gambling are provided. There are pleasant tea and evening dances.

There is a distinctly good chance of being happy in a modest fashion at Val André.

Hotels.

SECOND CLASS.—*Du Val Joli*,

MODERATE.—*De la Plage, des Bains, du Verdelet, Rorabey, Notre Dame*.

PENSIONS.—*Herdisheol, Printania, Regina, Ker Lois*.

HOUSE AGENT.—Brenel.

ST. BRIEUC

(By rail from St. Malo, via Dol and Lamballe.)

Fares.—1st class return	..	£5	8	11
2nd „ „	..	£3	13	0

ST. BRIEUC is hardly a watering-place. It is a small port and market town a couple of miles from the sea on the banks of the River Gouët. Connected with the town, however, and usually spoken of under its name, are several bathing beaches, notably those of St. Laurent-en-Plérin—a typical children's beach—and les Rosaires-en-Plérin. The latter is

about four miles from St. Brieuc and is fairly fashionable. It has a stretch of fine sand with excellent bathing and a first-class hotel right on the seashore, with its own tennis and amusements. For those who like a beach which is practically the private preserve of two or three hotels les Rosaires should prove attractive.

The country round about is very interesting.

There is no casino, but a small theatre is visited by travelling companies.

Hotels.

(Rosaires-en-Plérin.)

FIRST CLASS.—*Rosaria*.

SECOND CLASS.—*Des Gênets*.

MODERATE.—*De la Plage*.

PAIMPOL and THE ISLAND OF BRÉHAT

(By rail from St. Malo via Guingamp.)

IF you like a fishing holiday with rough shooting into the bargain, and plenty of wild scenery and interesting country, you should be reasonably happy at Paimpol. But don't expect anything approaching the comforts of real civilisation. Paimpol is a fishing village, and you can get a boat every day and go out to the group of islands about five miles away, of which Bréhat is the biggest. Here you can shoot and fish to your heart's content and bathe in little sandy coves in the island.

The Syndicat d'Initiative at Place de la Republique, Paimpol (Côtes du Nord), acts for the whole of this district, and will send information about the houses accommodating visitors.

Hotel at Paimpol.

MODERATE.—*Grand et Continental.*

PLOUMONAC'H

(By rail from St. Malo via St. Briec, Guingamp and Plouaret to Lannion, thence by bus.)

Fares to Lannion.—1st class return	..	£5 17	1
2nd „ „	..	£3 18	10

THIS little village is visited because of the extraordinary condition into which the sea has battered the rocks on the shore near by.

The whole coast is strewn with enormous boulders, sometimes balanced rather perilously on one another, and there is a shrine with a miracle-working saint in it.

But it is not a seaside resort, and I only recommend a visit if one is staying in the vicinity. You can't live on rocks for very long.

TREBEURDEN

(St. Malo—Lannion by rail, thence by bus. 8 miles.

TREBEURDEN is almost a mile inland, but has a little bay with a sandy beach connected with it.

There are hotels both on the shores of this bay and in the village. There is nothing to do except bathe, fish and go for walks in the surrounding country. It is a good place to stay if you wish to study the extraordinarily rocky coast in this region, as Ploumanac'h, the most famous of the rocky places, is only six miles away.

It is cheap, quiet and pleasant in the same manner as are small Cornish villages near the coast.

Hotels.

ALL MODERATE IN PRICE. — *Belle Vue, d'Angleterre, de la Plage, de la Baie, du Dolmen.*

PRIMEL

(St. Malo by rail to Morlaix, thence by local railway to Plougasnou. 10 miles.)

Fares to Morlaix.—1st class return	..	£5	18	9
2nd „ „	..	£4	0	0

PRIMEL is really a sort of suburb of Plougasnou, a small town of 4,000 inhabitants a little way back from the coast on high ground. It is also next door to a little fishing port called Trégastel. Primel is a popular little bathing resort, chiefly patronised by Bretons from the inland marketing towns. There are two bathing-places, both good. The beach is pebbly, but sand predominates farther out.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*Des Bains, de France, Limbour et de la Mer, de la Plage, de Primel.*

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—Plougasnou, Finistère.

If you happen to be at Primel in June you should go to *St. Jean-du-Doigt*, a couple of miles along the coast to see the "Pardon" on June 23rd. All the beggars, cripples, maimed, halt and blind within reach come there; with what precise hopes, God knows.

A finger of St. John the Baptist is kept in a casket in the church. How it managed to get so far as Finistère is a matter for conjecture, and what precise means of identification were used before it was deemed worthy of its present gold casket I don't know. Anyhow, there is undoubtedly a finger there, so go and see if you recognise it.

MORLAIX

is worth seeing when you break your journey to get to Primel. There are some fine old Gothic houses.

ROSCOFF

(Via St. Malo and thence by rail.)

Fares.—1st class return	..	£6	2	0
2nd „ „	..	£4	2	5

You have probably read of Roscoff if you are interested in the Stuarts. The young Pretender,

when he fled to France after Culloden, landed here. Very few English people follow in his footsteps, but the place has a great local reputation for its mild climate, and a good many invalids come for treatment at the hydropathic establishment. Though Roscoff is mainly a port for small tramp vessels and fishing-boats, it has several attractive stretches of sandy beach which afford good bathing.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*Grand Hôtel de France, Les Bains de Mer, de la Marine, de la Plage, Roscovite.*

LABERVRACH, KERSAINT, PORTSALL and LANDUNVEZ

THESE four villages are reached by tram or local railway from Brest, and are all fishing villages where some visitors can be accommodated in the summer. There are sandy beaches at each—the best being Kersaint—and bathing and fishing are the only attractions. It is rare to see an English visitor at any of them.

LE CONQUET

(By tram or auto-car from Brest. Summer services only by auto-car. 12 miles.)

THIS is a popular watering-place with the inhabitants of Brest, and affords excellent bathing and fishing. Very few visitors other than local French people

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*Beauséjour, de Bretagne, du Port.*

BREST

(By rail from St. Malo.)

Fares.—1st class return	..	£6	5	7
2nd „ „	..	£4	5	0

BREST is a naval port and fortress and does not pretend to be a watering-place. Apart from the docks, which are not open to inspection by foreigners except by special permits, there is nothing of interest in the town.



CHAPTER XV

South-West and Southern Brittany

(CAMARET, MORGAT, CARNAC, QUIBERON.)

CAMARET

(By rail from St. Malo to Brest. Thence by a small ferry steamer to Le Fret, and then 6 miles by road. There is also a direct steamer service from Brest on one day a week during the high season.

Fares.—See Brest.

THIS is a pleasant little watering-place, visited chiefly by French people. The coast is rocky but the beach is of good sand. The sea comes up to the cliffs at high tide. A quiet family bathing-place.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*Grand Hôtel de la Pointe des Pois, Moderne, de France.*

MORGAT

(Route as for Camaret. There is a bus service from Le Fret during the season. It is about an hour's ride from Le Fret to Morgat.)

Fares.—See Brest.

ALTHOUGH it is on the west coast of Brittany, the sea front of Morgat faces south-east, as it is on the

shores of the deep bay of Douarnenez. It is, therefore, well sheltered from the western gales, and the Gulf Stream seems to have a beneficent effect on the climate, which is very mild.

The hotels and villas which comprise Morgat are scattered about in an aimless fashion, and there is no long line of buildings facing the beach ; nor is there any parade or esplanade.

The beach, of shingle at first and then of fine sand, is excellent for bathing. For some reason which I have never been able to fathom, Morgat attracts more English visitors than the other resorts in this region. Perhaps the famous grottos make the name of the place known.

These grottos are bored in the two cliffs at either end of the beach—about two miles apart. A motor boat service from the hotel in the middle of the beach takes visitors there at high water. The finest of the grottos is in the cliff on your left hand facing the sea, and is called the Altar Grotto, after the Altar Stone, a great block of granite rising from the water in the centre of the cove.

The effect of the lighting of the roof of the grotto on a day when the sun shines is beautiful and extraordinary, and the rush of the waves in the small offshoots from the main grotto causes loud explosions.

The other grottos are smaller and less interesting. A little way inland, on rising ground, is Crozan, a typical Breton country market town.

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Morgat is a pleasant resort for a quiet, open-air holiday with bathing, tennis (ten courts), walking, etc., and perhaps its mild climate makes the journey worth while. Apart from that advantage, however, it has nothing to offer which cannot be got at easier distances in the small places of Normandy and Eastern Brittany.

Hotels.

SECOND CLASS.—*Grand et de la Mer.*

MODERATE.—*Grand Hôtel de la Plage, Hervé, St. Marine.*

CARNAC

(From St. Malo by rail via Rennes and Auray. The station is called Plouharnel-Carnac.)

PEOPLE with archæological interests, who wish to combine a seaside bathing holiday with the pursuit of their hobby, could hardly do better than go to Carnac.

The miles of huge stones, menhirs, dolmens and cromlechs, form one of the most amazing Celtic monuments in existence. There are over 9,000 stones, and there is something strangely impressive about them, though what they were erected for and to what ceremonial use they were put remains, despite dozens of profoundly interesting guesses, a mystery.

There are also Roman remains, and the museum

contains enough matter of prehistoric interest (collected chiefly by a Scotsman after whom the museum is named) to keep an amateur interested for weeks.

A tramway runs to the actual beach of Carnac from Plouharnel-Carnac, and the bathing is good. There are no amusements.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*Des Voyageurs, de la Marine, des Dolmens, du Tumulus.*

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—At the Musée Miln, Carnac (Morbihan).

QUIBERON

QUIBERON is the next station to Carnac, and is at the end of a long, narrow peninsula. It is rapidly becoming a popular bathing-place, the climate being extremely good and the bathing safe. There is a small casino. Le Palais, on Belle Isle, an island ten miles off the coast, is reached by steamer from Quiberon, and there is also excellent bathing to be had there. The visitors are almost wholly French.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*Penthièvre et de la Plage, de France, Hoche, des Ajoncs, de l'Océan.*

PENSION.—*Leroy.*

HOUSE AGENT.—*Level et Robert.*



CHAPTER XVI

La Baule

(LA BAULE, LA BAULE-LES-PINS, PORNICHET,
LE POULIGUEN, BATZ, LE CROISIC.)

LA BAULE

(Steamer to St. Malo, thence by rail, via Rennes, Redon and Savenay—rather a tortuous journey. If you do not mind a little extra expense, it is worth spending a night in Paris and taking the express from there.)

Fares via St. Malo.—1st class return	£6	4	2
2nd „ „	£4	3	11

BEFORE your cab leaves the station yard at La Baule somebody in the party will be sure to cry “Do look at the station!” Outside of fairyland it is difficult to imagine the existence of any other station so picturesque. Imagine a structure like a pantomime version of a large Elizabethan mansion, done in the brightest of blues and oranges, with a blue-faced clock and flower-laden balconies. it would inevitably cause any English railway official to “throw a fit” immediately. The first

impression of brightness is more than maintained when you reach the sea front.

A wonderful bay, with a sea of southern blueness, a stretch of sand composed of dazzling silica crystals—quite unlike ordinary sand—hotels painted in deep red and orange, the beach furnished with rows of the most dazzling tents, all of the richest orange colour, with a glaring white casino and flower beds of extraordinary beauty and brilliance all along the promenade, make together the most pleasing sea front of any in France.

The whole place is new and clean. The air is wonderfully bracing, and has a sparkle in it like bubbling wine. You realise at once that you have reached a spot with every possibility of making an ideal seaside resort. And, with one or two exceptions, to be noted later on, a fuller acquaintance with La Baule only emphasises your original impression. The bathing is of the very finest in France. The sands are ideal for children, and the normal attractions of sand castles and bucket and spade work are added to by fleets of miniature motor cars and aeroplanes, which they can drive about on the beach. The people are all of the non-trippery variety—the distance from England and from Paris ensures this—the hotels are of every sort and price which you can require, from the huge de luxe establishments, whose outsides resemble the pictures of fairy palaces, to small, but still pretty, boarding

houses. At the back of the town are beautiful pine woods in which brightly-painted villas are dotted.

One of the finest tennis clubs in France with twenty first - class courts and professionals in attendance is just off the sea front, the courts being well protected by trees.

The casino is a large, up-to-date building with a central hall fitted as a boule room, ballroom and American bar combined. In this room the dancing commences in the evening at about 9.30 and continues until 11.30. The floor is not too good and much too small, and the band merely passable. After this is over you can adjourn to the restaurant at the side, where dinner commences at about 10.30, and dancing continues until 2 or 3 a.m. The floor and band here are excellent.

The casino is decidedly expensive. Not the admission—that is only five francs—but the drinks in the ordinary ballroom range from 30 frs. for a good brandy and soda to 20 frs. for a whisky and 12 frs. for a lemonade. Compared with other casinos of the like calibre, *e.g.* Le Touquet, or Biarritz, there is nothing to justify these charges. Evening dress is obligatory.

Here we sense one of the disadvantages of La Baule. The only real amusement in the evening is the dancing in the restaurant, which does not start in earnest until well after eleven and is very expensive. Family parties who desire some mild

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evening entertainment, finishing at a reasonable hour, are quite unprovided for.

The golf course is also rather a disappointment. It is situated on the seacoast at Le Pouliguen, about three miles from La Baule, and is on such hopelessly rocky ground that decent play is almost impossible. Every effort has been made, however, to overcome the natural disadvantages, and there is an excellent club house.

These little grumbles apart, La Baule is a first-class resort.

Owing to the protected position of its bay the climate is unusually mild, and in a good summer the season is still quite alive till the middle of October. Last year the casino remained open until October 30th.

Very few English people have yet discovered La Baule and, possibly in consequence, the prices of the hotels are very reasonable.

This place is well worth trying.

Hotels.

DE LUXE.—*Hermitage, Royal, Cecil* (in the forest).

VERY GOOD SECOND CLASS.—*Grand Hôtel de la Baule, de la Plage et du Golf, Splendid, Villa Clos des Lilas, Armoric.*

MODERATE. — *La Concord, Continental, Riche, Excelsior, Notre Dame, Le Perroquet Blanc.*

HOUSE AGENTS. — Hamonet, Agence Centrale, Générale.

LA BAULE-LES-PINS

SOUTHWARDS along the bay from La Baule, and practically adjoining it, is the new resort of La Baule-les-Pins. It is as yet almost wholly undeveloped, and the voice of the land merchant is everywhere heard. Roads and avenues are being cut through the pine forest and a fine promenade is in course of construction. The beach is like that of La Baule—excellent in every way. But it is no use going there at present unless you are thinking of buying up land cheaply and waiting for a rise. I should imagine that in ten years' time La Baule-les-Pins may be a flourishing place, and probably in fifty years' time it will have eclipsed its neighbour, as Deauville has eclipsed Trouville and Cliftonville Margate. For the present, however, unless you happen to get a villa very cheaply there and are prepared to go into La Baule for your amusements, I don't recommend it.

Any of the La Baule house agents will give you particulars of villas, etc.

PORNICHET

IN the same bay as La Baule, and at about five miles from it by road, is Pornichet. It is a kind of bourgeois neighbour of the fashionable La Baule.

It has the same wonderful sands and bathing to offer, but the promenade is not so beautifully kept as that of La Baule, and there are no large de luxe or first-class hotels.

The small casino in the centre of the promenade is a very homely affair, and if you tired of the rigid dress and decorum of the dancing at La Baule, you should run over to Pornichet and join the jolly crowd of middle-class French people who dance on a very good glass floor, with changing coloured lights underneath it. In fact, apart from the rather mixed nature of the crowd here, the dancing is altogether better than that in the main ballroom at the La Baule casino—and considerably cheaper.

A cinema, concerts and gambling are also provided in the casino.

Behind the town is the fine pine forest, which stretches right to La Baule. The place is very free and easy, and an ideal one for family parties who desire good bathing, tennis and cheap amusements.

Hotels.

SECOND CLASS.—*Hôtellerie du Parc, de l'Océan, Family Hotel.*

MODERATE.—*De la Plage, Eden-Park, Mazy-Plage.*

PENSIONS.—*Ker Berthr, Malgré Tout, Pavillon Fleuri, Chantereine, Rosa, Ker Adriana.*

HOUSE AGENTS.—Agence Générale Duchemin, Nicholas Lorenzi, Nouvelle Agence.

LE POULIGUEN

ON the northern side of La Baule, but still in the same bay, is the small resort of Le Pouliguen.

It stands at the mouth of a river which provides a fine little harbour for the yachts and sailing dinghies which sail in the bay. The bathing and sands are excellent, but, owing to its position at the extreme point of the bay, the tide goes out much farther than it does at La Baule, and bathing at low tide is almost impossible. Some attempt seems to have been made to make Le Pouliguen a fashionable resort, and on the side of the harbour a row of "chic" shops—bungalows in lath and plaster—has sprung up and a huge hotel was started some years ago, but the building only got as far as the skeleton, which stands, gaunt and ugly, on the sea front.

The golf course of La Baule is just outside the town (see La Baule). There is no tennis club or casino. A restaurant on the point of the harbour provides very primitive "dancings."

A family resort of a very quiet kind; not nearly so good as Pornichet.

Hotels.

MODERATE.—*Des Families, Moderne.*

PENSIONS.—*La Brise, Lakmé, La Retraite Fleurie, Welcome, Mon Répos.*

HOUSE AGENT.—*Agence Moderne.*

BATZ and LE CROISIC

A FEW miles from Le Pouliguen, across a narrow isthmus, lie Batz and Le Croisic. They are two small villages rather like Cornish fishing villages. The beach at Batz is spoilt by rocks and made ugly by a large breakwater. There is plenty of sand between the rocks, however, and the bathing is good. Le Croisic has a small sandy beach.

There are no big hotels and no amusements apart from bathing, boating, fishing and walking along the rocky coast. They are cheap and healthy, and that is about all there is to be said for them.

Hotels.

BATZ.

MODERATE.—*Des Voyageurs, du Commerce.*

PENSIONS.—*Ker Yann, Ker Devenneck, Le Calme Logis.*

HOUSE AGENT.—Malory.

LE CROISIC.

MODERATE.—*Hôtel de l'Océan, Lassalle, Mosson, du Parc.*

PENSIONS.—*St. Antoine, St. Yves, Oasis, Notre Dame des Flots.*



CHAPTER XVII

The Ocean Coast

(LES SABLES D'OLONNE, ROYAN, ARCACHON.)

THE western coast of France between Brittany and Biarritz is practically unknown to English visitors. Perhaps the extra train journey keeps them away, or perhaps it is the old reason that nobody goes because nobody else goes. Though it can be said that, in general, there is no resort on this coast that has not its equal nearer home, the three whose names appear at the head of this chapter might well become more popular with English visitors desiring a change from the north coast. Royan, in particular, is absolutely first rate.

LES SABLES D'OLONNE

(Via Paris, thence a 7 hours' train journey.)

Fares.—1st class return	..	£7	10	5
2nd „ „	..	£5	5	11
3rd „ „	..	£3	14	11

LES SABLES stands on one of the most beautiful little bays in France, bounded on one side by the

old fishing port, and on the other by fine sandstone cliffs. The sand is a very deep yellow colour, and the sails of the fishing-boats in the bay are sunset hued. All along the front the finely - woven, deep-blue sardine nets are spread out to dry, while their delicate strands receive attention from the fishermen's wives. The front is bordered by hotels and villas, and a fair - sized casino—the Grand Casino—overlooks the sea.

At the back of the town are the three forests of la Rondelière, la Pisonnière and Olonne, and they are a paradise for walks and picnics.

The bathing is perfect. There are half a dozen tennis courts, and the local game, "bals de Sablaises," is popular.

At the Grand Casino there are a theatre, cinema, boule room and dance place. The afternoon tea dances are held on the terrace, which is quite pleasant, except that the stone floor is not exactly ideal for dancing.

In the forest, ten minutes' ride by autobus from the front, is another casino—the Casino des Pins—and here the same attractions are provided. They are both unpretentious places with no dress formalities.

The whole of the visitors are middle class, and there are no de luxe hotels. English family people should find this very pleasant, especially if they desire to escape for a while from the company of their own countrymen.

Hotels.

SECOND CLASS.—*Royal Palace, Grand.*

MODERATE.—*De la Plage, des Remblai, Splendid, Bellevue, Comète, de France.*

PENSIONS.—*Atlantic, St. Pierre, Forbin.*

HOUSE AGENTS. — Agence Moderne, Agence Sablaise.

ROYAN

(8 hours by train from Paris.)

Fares.—1st class return	..	£7 14 7
2nd „ „	..	£5 8 11
3rd „ „	..	£3 16 10

THE main beach of Royan is on a long, narrowish bay bordered by a promenade with hotels and villas. There are several other smaller beaches. The bathing is very good.

It is a cheery little town. On one side of the bay is a broad street with kiosks of all kinds selling anything from Vichy pastilles to oil paintings by auction. Numerous large cafés on this promenade provide concerts—bands and singers—in the evening, and the noisy crowd of French visitors moving about, in and around them, reminds you rather of Paris.

It is unusual to see English visitors.

On the other side of the bay stands the casino—a fine building with a fair theatre and a more than usually good dance place and restaurant. The

class of visitor here is rather better on the average than at Sables d'Olonne, and on several nights a week evening dress is obligatory for dancing.

There are horse racing, fishing and fine wooded country for walks and picnics at the back of the town.

Of the smaller beaches, the Plage de Pontailac, at the north-west extremity of the bay, is the best and most fashionable, and in the height of the season is smothered with bathing tents. The coast behind this beach is beautifully wooded, and there are several charmingly situated hotels in the vicinity. This is, perhaps, the best part of the Royan to stay in, though the distance from the casino is considerable.

The tennis at Royan is first rate in every respect, the club being excellently equipped and maintained. The golf course is not so good, and in an ordinary summer, when the rainfall is low, the ground becomes so parched and hard that good play is almost impossible. One of the most delightful social functions at Royan is the "apératif danse" at the casino in the morning. It is worth getting up early and finishing your bathe in time to tread the fine open-air floor surrounded by palms, and to mix with the jolly crowd of dancers who go there every day.

Royan is amongst the best half-dozen summer seaside resorts in France.

Hotels.

PLAGE DE PONTAILLAC.

FIRST CLASS.—*D'Europe et du Golf.*SECOND CLASS.—*Miramar, de la Plage.*MODERATE.—*Seigné.*PENSIONS.—*Villa des Fleurs, Villa Mon Rêve, Villa Zephir, Villa Montevideo.*

ROYAN.

FIRST CLASS.—*Royan Palace, Richelieu.*SECOND CLASS.—*Grand, Family Hotel, Nouvel, de Paris.*MODERATE.—*Du Centre, Garnier.*PENSIONS.—*Château de la Triloterie, Villa Nerée, Doux Repos, Le Nid d'Aigle.*

HOUSE AGENTS. — Agence Centrale, Agence Dauffard, Agence Duchemin.

ARCACHON

(8 hours by train from Paris.)

Fares.—1st class return	..	£10	0	8
2nd „ „	..	£7	4	8

ARCACHON, although little known to English people, is one of the most popular resorts in France. It stands on an almost land-locked bay shaped something like a flat pocket-flask. Arcachon is situated near the neck of the bottle. This bay

makes one of the finest natural race-courses for sailing yachts that it would be possible to imagine, and full advantage is taken of it. The regattas at Arcachon are famous.

The town itself is divided into two sections. One along the seashore, with a large casino, villas and hotels overlooking the sea, and the other built amongst the pine trees at the back of the town with its own casino—a striking pseudo-Mauresque building. This latter part is more especially used as a winter resort, as Arcachon is far enough south to have an all-the-year-round season.

The summer season here is rather later than those at the more northerly resorts, and bathing is enjoyable up to the middle of October.

There is plenty to do. Good bathing, good sands, golf, tennis, fishing, sailing; and the casino adds roller-skating to the other usual amusements. The dancing is fair to moderate. The French crowd presumably insists on the eternal one-steps taken at hurricane speed, and also appears to enjoy them. But they are trying to anybody with English ideas of what a dance should be.

I do not recommend a visit in August, when Arcachon is usually altogether too crowded with Bordeaux people, many of them of rather a lowly type.

At any other time the place is well worth staying at, and it certainly cannot be beaten anywhere for

bathing and boating. The mosquitos are a nuisance in the summer.

A good feature of the place is the number of largish hotels run on first-class lines at not quite first-class prices.

Hotels.

FIRST CLASS.—*Grand, des Pins et Continental* (in the pine forest), *du Moulleau, Regina* (in the forest).

SECOND CLASS.—*Richelieu, de France, Bristol et Jampy, de la Côte d'Argent, de Bayonne, Courcy-Lapachet.*

MODERATE.—*Royal, Aquitaine, des Bains, de Bordeaux.*

PENSIONS. — *Villa Riquet, Beauséjour, Navarra, Slomka, Mariquita, Toledo, Olympia.*

HOUSE AGENTS.—Arcachon Office, Garcias, Aka, Economique-Agence.



CHAPTER XVIII

Biarritz and St. Jean de Luz

BIARRITZ

(By rail via Paris. The most comfortable way is to stay the night in Paris and catch the 10 o'clock a.m. Sud-Express from the Quai d'Orsay Station. This is a de luxe train—first class fare plus a small supplement.)

Fares.—1st class return	..	£10 17 10
2nd „ „	..	£7 17 0

YOU will see more Rolls-Royce cars in Biarritz during the high season in an hour than in a whole day in Bond Street. This gives the note of the place. The array of the largest, longest and most expensive motor cars in the world, Rolls, Hispanos, Issota - Frashinis, Packhards, etc., is positively amazing. And the array of over-dressed, over-painted and over-jewelled women is still more amazing. At certain times of the year there must be as much money to the square inch in Biarritz as in Lombard Street.

The road above the fashionable bathing beach

every morning resembles the Mall on a Court night, and unless you arrive before twelve, there is no space left in the mile long, double-banked parking place. Driving about dressed in bathing costume—with or without a wrap—is as fashionable as bathing, and if you do not possess a car you hire one of the antiquated horse cabs, displace the driver from his high seat, and drive through the town in your brightest bathing kit.

There are three distinct beaches. The first, the Grande Plage, a fine bay enclosed by two rocky headlands, one surmounted by a lighthouse and the other by an image of the Virgin, and bounded by the large casino and the great hotels, possesses a wonderful stretch of fine sand. During the day it is covered by gaily-coloured bathing tents and innumerable children in brilliant bathing costumes. This is pre-eminently the children's beach.

A little farther south is a narrow rock-bound bay, the Port Vieux, with some remnants of the old port still existing, which has a beach of finely-divided shingle, rather like that at Ventnor. Large chalets on either side provide dressing accommodation. This beach is popular with good swimmers, as bathing is possible here even in rough weather, when only surf bathing is available elsewhere. The rocks provide good diving boards.

Farther south is the fashionable beach already mentioned, the Plage des Basques, an enormous

stretch of fine sand. This beach is almost completely covered at high tide, which is rather a nuisance as it prohibits sun bathing, but at low or half tide the bathing is perfect. When, however, the sea is the least bit rough only surf bathing is possible.

On the whole the bathing at Biarritz is not particularly satisfactory to swimmers, to whom surf bathing does not appeal. But when tide and conditions are favourable it is as near perfect as possible.

After the bathe an *apératif* at the Bar Basque, or one of the other cafés in the square outside the Bellevue Casino, completes the morning programme.

In a normal August and September the temperature is so high in the afternoon—shade temperatures of over ninety degrees being common—that a small siesta is desirable after lunch, and then at four o'clock there is the choice of watching the polo at the ground on the road to Bayonne, playing golf on a first-class course, watching the Basque professionals play their amazingly quick ball game called *Pelota*, or possibly running into San Sebastian or Bayonne to see a bull fight. The provision for tennis is not very good. There are two courts at the polo club and one or two other scattered ones outside the town, but there is no really large or efficient tennis club. At five o'clock the tea dances commence. That on the terrace of the Bellevue

Casino is exceedingly popular, and the open-air floor in the garden of La Chaumière, in the main street of the town, is very good and fashionable. If you are prepared to pay fancy prices, the tea dance of the Pavillon Royal, a restaurant and casino in its own large grounds, about three miles on the road to St. Jean de Luz, will be found delightful.

At seven o'clock the tea dances finish and one of the longest cocktail hours in the world commences. Apart from the opera at the small theatre in the Municipal Casino there is absolutely nothing doing in the way of entertainment until well after eleven o'clock. Usually the dance band at the Bellevue Casino is the first to start the ball rolling at 11.15, and dancing commences in earnest at about midnight. It is, therefore, useless to dine much before 9.30, and the fashionable hour is nearer 10.30. So anyone with a taste for cocktails will not be unduly hurried. La Chaumière makes an "Orange Blossom" which is worth trying.

By midnight the other dance places begin to wake up. La Chaumière is going full swing—Le Caveau (at the Grand Hotel) is just opening—it keeps open all night—and the saxophonists at the night clubs on the outskirts of the town, such as the Florence and the Casanova, are beginning to blow their hardest. In fine weather the open air dinner and dance at the Pavillon Royal is pursuing its elegant

course. If you are afraid of spending money with astonishing rapidity you will keep away from the latter-named places.

Of the two casinos already mentioned the larger is the Municipal on the sea front. This is open all the year round and contains a theatre, dance place and the usual gaming facilities. During the high season only (from August 15th to October 15th) the Bellevue Casino, a hundred yards or so away, is open and immediately makes the other unfashionable. The Bellevue is small but very charming. A large central room is devoted to dancing and a café. To the right is a restaurant leading out on to a glass covered terrace on which, in the hot weather, the afternoon dance is held. The bands are unusually good for France, a special tango band alternating with one of the usual jazz formation.

An American bar and boule tables are at the end of the dance room. Play starts in the afternoon about six o'clock and in the evening at about midnight. There are extensive baccara rooms and very high play is frequently seen.

The *soirées de gala* are a feature of the high season and take place regularly on Friday nights. The whole room is transformed by decorations and on the dancing floor (a raised platform) a cabaret show is staged. Dinner and dance costs about 25s. without drinks. If, however, you are a keen dancer and like more than two square inches of floor to move

upon, you will probably find one *soirée de gala* enough in a season. The crush is prodigious. Evening kit is obligatory everywhere.

Biarritz has a distinct advantage over all the other French seaside resorts in being warm as well as reasonably bracing right up to November. Sea bathing is uncomfortably cold in the northern resorts after the middle of September, and though the Riviera offers warmth, it is accompanied by a hopelessly relaxing air. In a reasonably decent summer you can bathe in comfort in Biarritz up till the middle, and possibly the end, of October, and even the early days of November are at times quite good enough to tempt all but the most fragile bathers.

For music lovers Biarritz caters more efficiently than most of the French seaside resorts.

The opera is quite adequate, many of the artists being fairly distinguished Parisian stars, and is certainly up to the standard of any other resort in France, with the exception of Monte Carlo. During the high season a symphonic orchestra of about sixty players gives a series of classical concerts in the Municipal Casino, which are thoroughly enjoyable.

There are one or two drawbacks to Biarritz.

When the weather is bad it *is* bad. The rain, brought straight in by the Atlantic winds, is not ordinary rain. It is more like a series of cloud

bursts ; and the accompanying wind gives the clue to the local vogue of the Basque " beret." It is the only form of headgear that will keep on in these tempests, except possibly a sou'wester with a lining of fish glue !

Then there are the mosquitos. All the flat marsh land in the coast section south of Bordeaux, known as the Landes, is mosquito - ridden. Most of the hotels provide mosquito nets on request (" *Moustiquaire* " is the word for 'em) and the request should certainly be made. In their absence oil of citronella or a preparation called " *Moustigol*," which can be bought from the local chemist, helps to keep the beasts away.

Another drawback to most English people who like to keep reasonable hours is the absence of any cheery entertainment commencing at nine o'clock or thereabouts, and finishing at midnight. Unless you are prepared to stay up at least till 2.30 every morning it is impossible to see anything of the real life of Biarritz.

And a real drawback to family people is the price of things in general. The hotels, without being excessively dear, are on the expensive side, and all the odds and ends of expenditure are dear. The casino entrance, for example, is 13 frs. a day instead of the usual 5 frs., and this does not admit to the baccara or to the entertainments. The night clubs and dance places are, like night clubs in general,

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only suitable for those with strong financial constitutions.

With these exceptions, however, Biarritz is as delightful a summer holiday resort as any on the continent, and if you are not short of cash and do not mind sitting up all night go and try it.

Hotels.

GRANDE LUXE AND DE LUXE.—*Palais, Miramar, Carlton, Angleterre, Continental, Grand, Hélianthé.*

FIRST CLASS.—*Le Sahel, Regina, Victoria, Princess Home.*

SECOND CLASS.—*Bayonne, Biarritz-Salins, Bristol, Europe, Excelsior, Edouard VII., Château des Falaises.*

SMALLER HOTELS AND PENSIONS.—*Du Helder, du Centre, Océan, Pavillon des Roches, Stella Maris, Villa Viscaina, Kerles.*

HOUSE AGENTS.—Central Agence, John Arthur and Tiffin, Royal Agence, Ducos, Syndicat des Propriétaires, Benquet.

ST. JEAN DE LUZ

THERE is a considerable English colony permanently residing in and around St. Jean de Luz, a small resort nine miles south of Biarritz. It seems to be a particularly popular spot for retired Army people

who have served in India and cannot endure the rigours of an English summer and winter. It is not so fashionable as Biarritz, and hence not so expensive. But after Biarritz it seems somewhat shabby and dull. The town is built round a deep bay, almost land locked, and the entrance is protected by a breakwater. This makes good bathing possible, even when the Bay of Biscay outside is not behaving itself, and, so distinctly good is it, that many residents in Biarritz motor over to St. Jean de Luz for their morning dip. The beach is not of such fine sand as is found at Biarritz. There is a considerable mixture of shingle, and the sudden slope is rather dangerous to non-swimmers. An excellent feature of the bathing facilities is the two boats anchored off shore, fitted with diving boards and gymnastic apparatus. All kinds of sport are particularly well catered for. There is a decent golf course, good tennis (with an open tournament in the last week of August), good fishing and shooting, and it is possible to see some of the finest of pelota playing.

The Casino de la Pergola on the sea front has a charming dance room overlooking the bay and, except on gala nights, one can stroll in wearing day dress. The restaurant is well run and the cooking excellent.

Another favourite resort at night is L'Auberge, a dinner, supper and dance place just off the front, which is considerably more fashionable than the

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casino and draws a lot of its clients from Biarritz. The floor is rather too small for comfortable dancing, however, and the meals are dear.

The climate of St. Jean de Luz is, perhaps, even better than that of Biarritz, and as an autumn resort for family people it has many points in its favour.

Hotels.

FIRST CLASS.—*D'Angleterre, Golf, Modern.*

SECOND CLASS. — *Beauséjour, de la Poste, du Commerce.*

PENSIONS.—*Eskualduna, Elso-Baïta, Larramenay, Villa Bel-Air, Villa Helios.*

HOUSE AGENT.—Agence Franck.

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THE OCEAN COAST

